

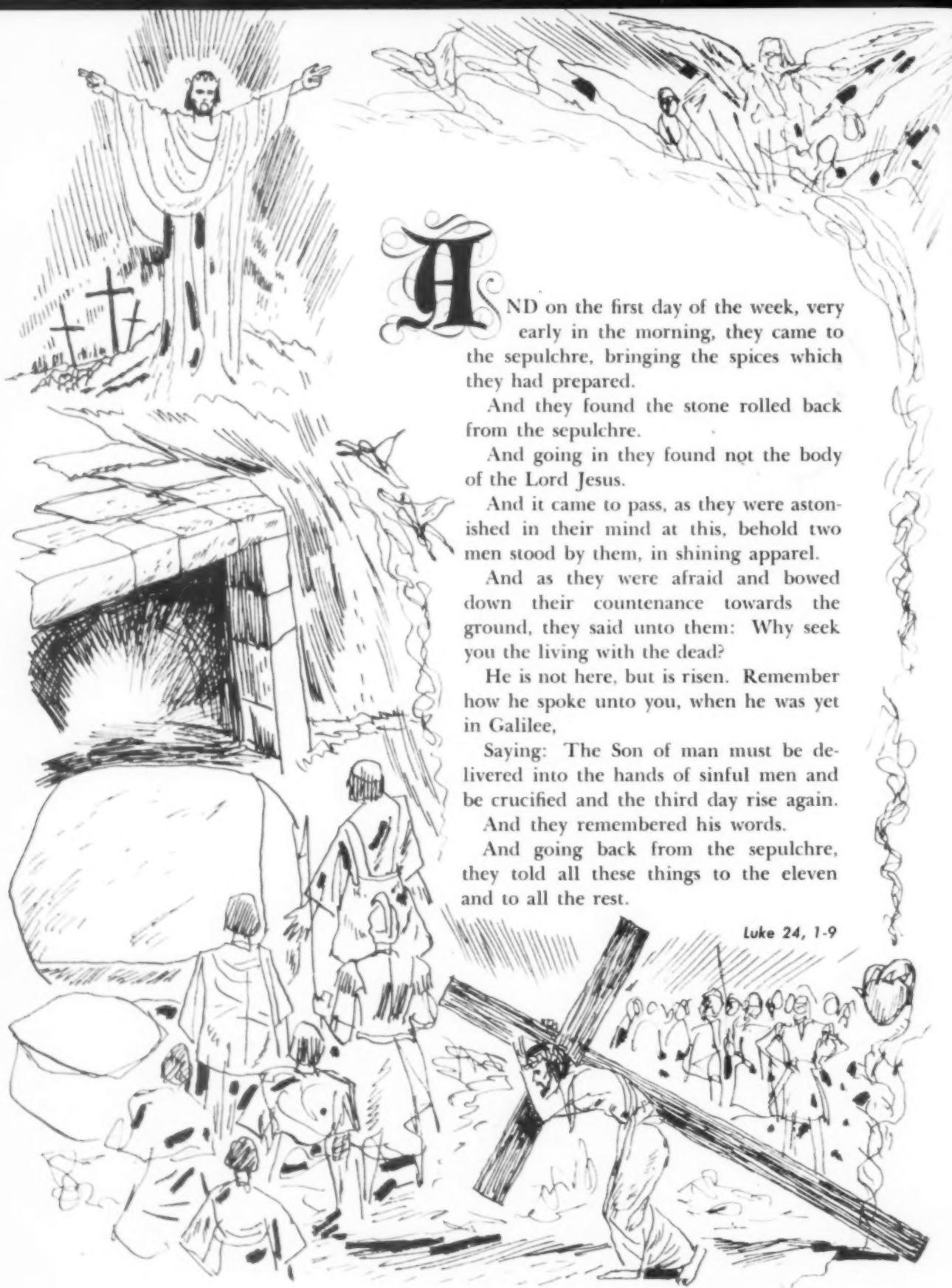
Leatherneck

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APRIL

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES





A

ND on the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came to the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared.

And they found the stone rolled back from the sepulchre.

And going in they found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were astonished in their mind at this, behold two men stood by them, in shining apparel.

And as they were afraid and bowed down their countenance towards the ground, they said unto them: Why seek you the living with the dead?

He is not here, but is risen. Remember how he spoke unto you, when he was yet in Galilee,

Saying: The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men and be crucified and the third day rise again.

And they remembered his words.

And going back from the sepulchre, they told all these things to the eleven and to all the rest.

Luke 24, 1-9

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THE LEATHERNECK, APRIL, 1949

VOLUME XXXII, NUMBER 4

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Harry Polete

A SAN PEDRO CHALLENGE

Sirs:

The Marine Detachment, Naval Disciplinary Barracks, San Pedro, Calif., hereby challenges other Marine Barracks and Detachments to beat their record of 98.8 per cent, carbine and rifle requalification for 1948. Of the 168 officers and men in this Detachment who fired the M-1 rifle for record this year, 166 qualified.

Recapitulation of the 166 qualifiers showed 59 experts, 68 sharpshooters and 39 marksmen. Carbine requalifications reached the 100 per cent mark with 23 officers and men firing for record. Of this number nine were experts, eight sharpshooters and six marksmen.

High M-1 scores were posted by Corporals Alan F. Douglas, USMC (327); William W. Ford, USMC (326); Melvin D. Page, USMC (326); William R. Hanley, USMC (325) and Second Lieutenant LeMoin Cox, USMC (325).

Carbine requalifiers were headed by Staff Sergeant Frank S. Ellzey, USMC (263) and First Lieutenant Oscar A. Imer, USMC (262).

All requalifications from this Detachment were fired at the Camp Matthews Rifle Range, San Diego, Calif.

First Lieutenant O. A. Imer,
Special Services Officer
San Pedro, Calif.

• Leatherneck appreciates the opportunity to publicize this type of event. We will make every attempt to use any similar material which calls attention to Marine Corps activities. If you have anything of interest to tell the rest of the Marine Corps, let your buddies at other stations know about it in Leatherneck.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

APRIL COVER . . .

IN World War II, the Marine divisions brought tank-infantry techniques to a high state of development. Since the war the tank-infantry teamwork has continually improved in our FMF units.

Louis Lowery's photo of an M26, General Pershing, tank crew getting directions from a rifleman is a typical scene.

SHE ALWAYS HAS TIME FOR THE MAN WITH



• Most any woman knows that there's something specially attractive and masculine-looking about the man who smokes a pipe. And millions of pipe smokers know that a pipeful of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert means real smoking joy and comfort.

*MEANS PIPE APPEAL MEANS PRINCE ALBERT

The new
humidor top locks
in the freshness
and flavor



The choice tobacco in Prince Albert is crimp cut—packs down perfectly in your pipe—smokes cool and even right down to the bottom of the bowl. It's rich-tasting—mild and tongue-easy. Specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try P.A. in the familiar red tin with the new humidor top, and see why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"I'VE SIGNED UP WITH
P.A. FOR LIFE! YOU
CAN'T BEAT THAT
RICH FLAVOR!"



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE—

SOUND OFF (cont.)

LEATHERNECK has recently received considerable comment from our readers concerning the pros and cons of the Saipan-Twenty-seventh Division, Smith-Smith controversy.

We feel that by this time the press has given more than enough notice to this relatively unimportant bickering about past events.

Leatherneck on page 62 of this issue presents a review of General H. M. Smith's book "Coral and Brass," with the hope that it will provide a satisfactory ending to public discussion of the affair.

MARINE CARRIERS?

Sirs:

My brother, who is a sailor, and I have been having a discussion over whether or not the Marines operated any of the CVEs (Escort Carriers) during the war. It seems to me that I have read something to the effect that they had. He says no, that the Marine squadrons were interspersed with Navy squadrons aboard the carriers. How about it?

Vill Moffett

Cincinnati, Ohio

• If you mean by "operating" that the Marines manned the ship, No! There were several CVEs which carried only Marine squadrons, like the USS Block Island with VMF-511 and VMTB-233 aboard. The carrier, however, was still operated by the Navy. Other Marine CVEs that were in the combat zone when the war ended were the USS Gilbert Islands with VMF-512 and VMTB-143 aboard; the USS Cape Gloucester with VMF-351 and VMTB-132 aboard, and the USS Vella Gulf with VMF-513 and VMTB-234 aboard. There were other Marine CVEs enroute to combat zones, or in training in the United States at the war's end, too. —Ed.



THIRD DIVISION HISTORY

Sirs:

A short time ago I read in Sound Off an inquiry from a buddy, formerly with the Fourth Division. He was inquiring about the availability of a book entitled "History of the Fourth Marine Division. I recall that you replied to him advising him that he was entitled to the book and furnished him with the proper contact.

A similar request came from a Sixth Division veteran and he received the same information.

As a former member of the Third Marine Division, I wonder perhaps if I am entitled to "The History of the Third Marine Division," without cost, and/or perhaps the book The "Ninth Marines," as I was with the Regimental Weapons Company, Ninth Marines from November, 1942, to November, 1944.

Peter E. Ferrante

Chicago 29, Ill.

• The unused Post Exchange Funds on hand when the divisions returned from overseas or were disbanded, were used to compile and print histories of the several divisions. These were to be sent free of charge to all former members of those divisions, and the next of kin of men killed in action while serving with a division. Cards were mailed to last known addresses of all men included in the muster rolls of these units, if such cards were returned, signifying addresses were correct, these books were mailed. Cards not returned, or returned for insufficient address, etc., were held pending notification of correct address. The following books have been printed. We have included the addresses from which they may be obtained. Information regarding claimants' correct address, units served in and dates served must be forwarded to the addresses listed below.

"Second Marine Division History"
c/o Willa Maddern, 215 Fourth
Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

"Third Marine Division History"
1115 17th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

"Fourth Marine Division History"
1115 17th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

"Fifth Marine Division History"
c/o Captain Joe E. English
1115 17th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

"Sixth Marine Division History"
1115 17th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

"The Ninth Marines"
(See Next Paragraph)
Leatherneck Book Shop
PO Box #1918, Washington, D. C.

The history of the Ninth Marines was free only to the next of kin of men killed in action while serving with the Ninth Regiment. The book sells for \$5.00.

A history of the First Marine Division is being prepared, and further

information will be contained in this column as soon as it becomes available. Those not eligible for free copies of these history books may purchase them at Leatherneck Book Shop. The Second Division History costs \$6.00; the price of the other histories is \$5.00.—Ed.



ARMY HAS 'EM, TOO

Sirs:

I am not a reader of your magazine, nor am I an ex-Marine. The fact is that my brother was at one time a member of your outfit, and therefore we receive your comic book ever so often.

The reason I am hot under the collar, is due to the fact that I read your silly article entitled "Corps Moviemens" in the January, 1949, issue. The way this "thing" is written, one would think that the Marine cameramen were the only ones who took combat films during the war.

Did it ever occur to you boys that there was a terrific outfit known as the "Army Pictorial Service?" This outfit, of which I am a member is well known throughout the Armed Forces. Only recently did I hear of the Marine Corps Moviemens.

Therefore, if you want to pay tribute to the ones that really took some good pictures of the war, this is the outfit to whom credit is due.

As for the seven million feet of film they shot (wasted). So what, I myself have shot over 375,000 feet of film. So from now on please keep your "Walt Disney Moviemens" in the darkroom where they belong.

Murray Goldstein

Bronx 60, N. Y.

• We are sure that if you had seen such films as "Tarawa," "Fury over the Pacific," etc., you would not consider that seven million feet of film wasted. They have been acclaimed some of the best combat films ever made—under actual fire. We agree with you that the APS was a good outfit, we have seen lots of their work, but since our article was about Marines, for Marine readers and written by a Marine, we felt that our own Moviemens would be of more interest to our readers than would a similar article about the APS. Such stories we graciously commit to Our Army, and The Infantry Journal, two excellent Army publications. We are glad our article acquainted you with the Marine Corps' small unit of "Walt Disney Moviemens." Since Disney employs some of the finest cameramen in the world, we know the Marines will accept your remark as a compliment.—Ed.

Gosh, look how I'm beat up. With all these scuffs and scratches, no wonder I'm always catching K. P.



Don't be a jerk. Use Dyanshine. It stains scuffs and faded spots to a smooth, even tone as it shines.



DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Pick the type you like—Liquid DYANSHINE or DYANSHINE Stain Paste Shoe Polish. DYANSHINE Stain Paste now contains the amazing stain that has made Liquid DYANSHINE the service favorite for years. Both types polish quickly to a hard, long-lasting shine, and they're mighty easy on your pocketbook, too.

BARTON
MANUFACTURING
CO.

St. Louis 15, Mo.



(continued on page 5)

Join the Home Team



Join
The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

WHERE'S LEYTE?

Sirs:

I do not recall the name of the Washington, D.C. newspaper that carried this article (enclosed). In it you will read a statement credited to General Douglas MacArthur saying "There were no Marine ground forces engaged in the recapture of the Philippines."

What I would like to know is: "What group of islands is "Leyte" located in?" I was in "A" Battery, 5th 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, V Amphibious Corps Artillery that landed on Leyte the 20th of October, 1944, a few hours after the beach was hit by the assault waves. We left 57 days later on the 16th of December, 1944—along with the 11th 155-mm. Gun Battalion and Headquarters, Corps Artillery, VAC.

I wonder if you would be kind enough to print this article . . .

Sgt. James E. Fuller,
Washington, D.C.

• The section of the article referred to in the above letter is: . . . "There were no Marine ground units whatsoever engaged in the recapture of the Philippines. The only ground forces involved were the 6th and 8th armies, neither of which possessed Marine units". . . —Ed.



WANTED—ONE STAFF SERGEANT

Sirs:

I have a problem that has been bothering me since November of 1943. I was with a detachment of Second Marine Division men who returned to the states from Wellington, New Zealand, via Auckland, on the U. S. Army Mail Ship, the S.S. *Cape Flattery*. On board was a Staff Sergeant who was known as, and always called "Dagwood"—his real name I never did know. There is some money involved that I owe him, and would like to repay it.

Perhaps he will read this and contact me at my present address. If it will help I was a PhMlc at the time we landed at San Francisco, Calif., and he was transferred to the USNH, Mare Island, Calif., and I to Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif.

L. M. Lussetto, HMC, USN
USNH, Quantico, Va.

(continued on page 53)

Marines want!

...this Beer from Maryland!

Frankly Full-Bodied—
this Maryland beer.

Frankly more satisfying . . .
A beer brewed for
men who want a
great beer—and can
recognize it when
they find it!

No wonder more and
more Marines ask
at their Post

Exchange for "That beer
from Maryland—
National
Premium Beer!"



Brewed and Bottled by The National Brewing Company Baltimore 24, Maryland

Ruin, rubble, starvation, prostitution . . . a piercing

story of a defeated nation's capital

This is **BERLIN**



by J. Davis Scott

BERLIN, GERMANY

OUR tiny car turned the corner on two wheels, narrowly missed a couple of oddly dressed pedestrians and then went bouncing along the uneven street.

Surely this was a dream. A horrifying nightmare. The scene unrolling before you couldn't be real. As far as you could see there was nothing but ruins. Rubble and ruins, mile after mile. The jagged skyline looked like some crude drawing of a school-child.

Yet, it was real. With real people. All hurrying to and fro. Some trundling handcarts. Others, with dirty sacks slung over their shoulders, poking in the rubble for a scrap to burn. Here,

too, were children at play. A quartet of six-year-olds sailing a makeshift paper boat in the icy gutter water . . . a trio romping up and down the story-high rubble . . . a group of long-haired youths booting a soccer ball against the only wall still standing in the entire block.

The car rumbled on. Past the shattered apartments and homes. Past the remnants of once useful office buildings. Suddenly your eyes were attracted to two figures in a deep hole on a small patch of ground just off the street. They were a man and a woman—around 50 you guessed—and they were up to their shoulders in a hole they had dug around a huge stump.

You stopped the car and hopped out. The pair looked up as you approached



TURN PAGE



Around-the-clock flights by the American Air Lift help to keep more than two-million Berliners alive in this

battle of the blockade. Eager Germans watch from a pile of rubble as an Air Force transport lands at Tempelhof

across the snow—but they didn't stop working. Each had a tiny shovel, looking more like the toy shovels children use to build sand castles at the seashore than one you'd use to dig out a stump.

The stump was as big as this man in his old German army overcoat and cap. Digging it out was a task for a couple of real huskies with the proper equipment. Yet, this 50-year-old couple, with their inadequate tools, had done well.

The woman spoke as she worked. The U. S. Air Force sergeant who was with us, translated. "She says they have been digging out the stump for more than a week," he explained. "They hope to get it out in time for Christmas so their apartment will be warm for the children."

We turned back to the car. A shout of joy came from the couple. The woman peered out over the edge of the hole. "We have just reached the bottom of the stump," she said. Her smile was as wide and as full of happiness as if someone had told her she had just won the Irish sweepstakes.

We got into the car and drove away—and although the little scene soon disappeared from view you knew it was something you wouldn't forget. For, better than thousands of words, the picture of that couple digging for fuel to keep out the winter's zero cold told the story of today's Berlin.

Much has been written—particularly

since the Air Lift came into being—about this grim city at the end of that aerial life line. Yet, it's a safe bet that none of us has been able to get his deepest thoughts on paper.

Seeing Berlin today does something to you.

A friend of mind, after his first quick look, remarked, "This is a place for the next United Nations general assembly. Then we would be safe from war for a long time—if not forever."

ANOTHER said he thought every American should see this horrible mess of ruins. "And I'd bet," he said, "that if every American saw Berlin you'd have no trouble getting a U. S. defense budget for 100 billions."

Berlin makes you think that kind of thoughts.

Here is a city—once one of the world's greatest — reduced to an existence where cigarettes are worth more than money. And the virtues of its womanhood are worth less than cigarettes.

Here is a city of two and a half million people who for breakfast eat a few slices of bread smeared with butter or fat, for noon meals have a stew of potatoes or noodles and at night eat a few slices of bread, maybe some butter, flour soup and coffee.

Here is a city where candy is something thousands of children have only heard of . . . and never tasted or even seen.

Here is a man-made jungle of the twisted ruins of mile after mile of apartment houses, of once ornate high schools and universities reduced to a mass of rubble, and its Tiergarten, a park, I am told was once more beautiful than New York's Central Park, just a brown patch of stumps and weeds.

Here is a case of what man hath wrought. And the men who wrought this were German. They brought this fate upon themselves—these Berliners. But they don't seem sorry.

Three years ago—at the war's end—you had to scratch to find a Nazi. Nearly everyone quickly denied any affiliation with the party. It seemed as if the Fuehrer had done it all alone. Today, however, the Nazis are beginning to reappear—and they talk without hesitation.

A stout German housewife, complaining of the sparse rations she had to feed her family, pointed out unhesitatingly "things were much better under Hitler."

A youth, in his early 20s, wasn't a bit backward in admitting he was a Nazi. And there was a tone of respect in his voice when he mentioned Hitler's name.

Still another Berliner, looking back on the war years, said, "It wasn't really bad. We had parades and much glory."

These are typical Germans, talking in typical fashion in Berlin these days.



The most enterprising merchant of today is the blackmarketeer who is able to sell openly his ill-gotten commodities—until the arrival of policemen

There's little regret for the misery they brought upon the world. There's no sense of guilt. World War II did only one thing to the German mind. It fostered what seems to be an everlasting fear of the Russians.

Nothing so disturbs the German mind these days. Every conversation with a German, young or old, turns to this fear. They mention it in practically every other sentence. They're frightened, terribly frightened.

And the blockade which the Reds threw up around Berlin last summer—which brought the Air Lift to life—only served to increase the German fear of the Russians. This gripping fear never leaves them—it's never out of their thoughts for a single instant.

The Berliner takes delight in repeating little jokes at the expense of the Russians. Their favorite is the one about the American, the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Russian who went to occupy the skunk cage at the zoo. The Englishman regarded it as his duty to stay, but he soon had to leave. The Frenchman felt the same, but a few minutes later he had to leave, too. The American, reminding himself that it was his duty to stay as long as he could, stood it until he was nearly overcome. Then he departed, leaving only the skunk and the Russian in the cage. And then the skunk left.

But behind these jokes there's fear. All this has made the American sol-

dier popular. "We know that most Germans don't like us," a U. S. Army major told me, "but we're the lesser of two evils. They're afraid of the Russians. They know we stand between them and the Russians."

Another military official, whose big job has been to keep a constant check on the German mind, said, "I think the German rather relishes the position he finds himself in. If the U. S. and Russia fight, the German will be standing on the sidelines cheering. Not for either side but really for himself. They seem to think that in some way or the other another war might end with Germany the world's No. 1 nation."

The average Berliner in the Allied sectors sees a Russian only rarely. There are two Red soldiers always on duty 24 hours a day at the Russian War Memorial just inside the Brandenburg Gate in the British sector. But few Germans ever go near the memorial.

Your first look at the Red memorial reminds you of the huge building the Soviets sponsored at the New York World's Fair in prewar days. Perched on the bare expanse of what was once the beautiful Tiergarten Park, the memorial with its tall columns and huge statue of a Soviet soldier is a garish thing in this grim city. The soldier I saw there, warmly bundled in overcoat, cap and heavy shoes, looked much like a Mongolian. He was short, with a dark, yellowish-brown face. I asked him if I could inspect the rear of the memorial. He nodded. Later, as I came back past him, I said, "It's cold, isn't it?" He nodded again. Whether he understood either question, I couldn't say.

We saw a couple of other Russians a few minutes later as we rode through

• TURN PAGE

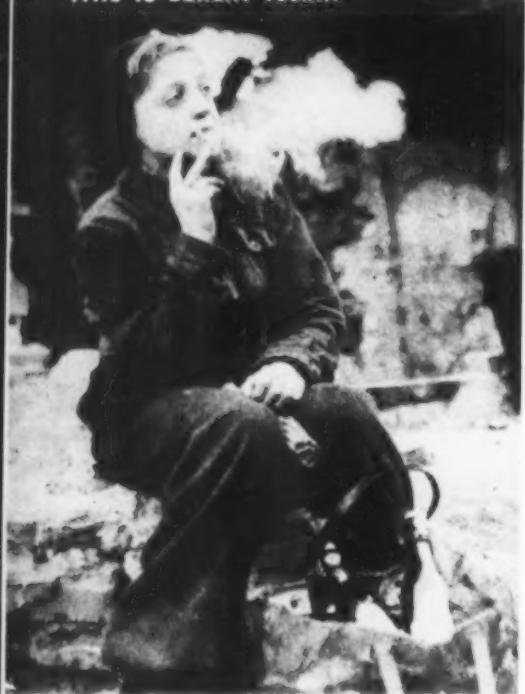


This energetic toy dealer solved his main business problem by building a shop of stacked bricks to accommodate his eager customers, both old and young

and American bombing raids did to him. It's like Germany's last stand.

coat, and like practically every Berlin

had collected every record of the three bands they could find and based their



With a look of cynical self-satisfaction this German lad rests with his purchases

the American sector. They were in uniform—and they were walking along with the crowds of Germans in downtown Berlin. "Can you imagine that," said the sergeant. He took his foot off the accelerator and turned to look back at the two Soviets strolling along. They were miles from the Russian sector.

"Can you imagine that?" said our sergeant again.

We went chugging through the streets of ruins, past long lines of Germans walking in gutters. "Why don't they walk on the sidewalks?" I asked. "Most Berliners are afraid what's left of the bombed out buildings will some day

come tumbling down. So, they don't take any chances. A number of persons have been killed by the falling debris."

Suddenly the afternoon sun settled on a huge statue several blocks away. The gold winged figure atop the 100-foot shaft gave a new light to the somber scene below. "What's that?" I asked. "That's the German memorial to their victory in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870," our guide said. We were at the memorial now. We stopped and looked. Here, amid the ruins of the last war, was an untouched memorial to another war in which the Germans had participated. There wasn't a scar on the tall monument. "Someone ought to have dropped a bomb or at least turned a cannon on that," our friend said. It looked positively indecent standing there—tall and proud—in the middle of the desolation.

The first time I saw Berlin was two days before Christmas. I had come in on an Air Lift C-54 from Wiesbaden, 280 miles to the west. My trip atop ten tons of flour had been an exciting ride—but because of the low hanging fog over Tempelhof I didn't get an opportunity to see Berlin from the air until days later. But my first look at Berlin—even from a slow moving little foreign car which the sergeant said he bought for just ten good American dollars—was enough.

There are really no words adequate enough to describe the havoc, the desolation and the damage that 900 RAF



Shivering Berliners anxiously await their meager weekly coal ration. As temperatures drop, coal theft becomes a problem for constabularies



A German hausfrau fumbles nervously in her purse for the price of an item offered in the thriving blackmarket along the tri-sector's Potsdamer Platz

and American bombing raids did to this city which Germany's rulers built on the windswept northern plains. A number of friends, who visited it in the years before World War II, always described its ornate buildings, wide streets and neat parks in glowing terms.

You might get a good idea of what's happened to Hitler's old home town, if, in your imagination you'd take New York's beautiful Fifth Avenue and smash every building on both sides of the street for 20 blocks. On the other streets which parallel and cross the avenue, if you'd wreck mile after mile of apartment and office and department store buildings. Leave the walls standing and leave the rubble of bricks and mortar in their two-story high piles. And then, knock out Grand Central and the Pennsylvania railroad stations. Leave the twisted, rusted cars and engines lying in the battered rail yards. Take Central Park and rip up every tree and burn its grass and wreck its structures and statues. And then leave the park as a scar in the center of a wrecked and ruined New York. When you've done that . . . and seen what you've done . . . well, that's a sample of Berlin today.

It was tough enough there before the Reds hoisted the blockade . . . now existence has been reduced to its lowest level. Only the Air Lift—a magnificent achievement by American men and planes that no one back home seems to realize or appreciate—keeps 2,200,000 Berliners from starvation.

Somehow, life in the besieged city goes on.

Gas for cooking is available only 20 minutes a day, but the people, particularly because their diets are largely starch, don't look as undernourished as they really are.

Lights can be used only four hours in 24. And Berlin, these winter afternoons, starts to get dark around 3:30 p.m. At night, Berlin is practically a blacked-out city with only a few widely spaced street lights to guide you along the pitch black thoroughfares.

Yet, the night clubs are beginning to reappear. You'll find them in the basements of the bombed out buildings. Most have their electrical power supplied by their own generators. They're ornate and decorative in a typical continental style.

I visited one Berlin night club on its opening night.

We had intended to go to the Alley-bar, but we found we were barred because our party included a soldier and this was "off limits" to military personnel.

"Where can we go now?" I asked. And at that moment, as if by invitation, a German stepped out of the shadows and came toward us. He wore a homburg hat, a well-tattered over-

coat, and like practically every Berlin man I'd seen, he was carrying a brief case. "You're looking for a night club?" he asked. When told we were, he led us several blocks down the street and stopped before a bombed out building. He guided us down several steps. Our new found guide knocked on the door. There were no lights. A few small foreign cars were parked in the street outside.

OUR friend knocked again and a small panel in the door slid back and two eyes peered out. A few words in German. Then the door opened slowly and our friend stepped inside. The door closed quickly. In a few moments he was out again. "It's okay . . . you can come in now," he said in good English.

The club didn't look much different than the one you'd seen in recent movies. There was a small hallway, with a typical hatcheck room, and then a larger room with a bar. The bartender was a well-built German blonde—about six feet tall. She was wearing a low cut dress which certainly must have been a curtain or a drape not so many days before.

The favorite tourist drink is champagne. So we drank champagne for several hours and listened to the orchestra of German kids who said they were great admirers of the jazz records of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Benny Goodman. They told us they

had collected every record of the three bands they could find and based their own arrangements on the records.

The floor show was typical . . . a trick dog act, a blonde singer and a couple of comics who tried awfully hard to be funny. And, like the rest of the Germans in the Allies' portion of Berlin, the comics had a gag about the Russians.

Said the first comic: "So you think you iss smart? Well, let me tell you diss. In the American zone we have everything. Why, Fritz, do you know that we are fed by American planes?"

Said the second comic: "Well I hear you say dat I'm impressed. But we are even farther advanced in the Russian sector."

"Vot do you mean when you say you in the Russian sector iss farther advanced?"

"Well . . . the Russians feed us by radio."

And the joke brought the house down.

You were impressed by the number of Germans you saw in the club. They were dressed up in their fanciest clothes—somehow they reminded you of your childhood days when you dug into grandma's trunks in the attic and came down attired in all kinds of heirlooms. Some of the German women wore slacks, some wore dresses and old German army boots.

The men wore a variety of outfits. These were evidently Berlin's business people—(continued on page 50)



Famous linden trees of Berlin's Tiergarten disappear before the onslaught of wood cutters. The winter months are long and there is a desperate need for fuel

BENEFIT BOUTS

by Sgt. Spencer W. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Marines of all classes lend a hand to aid
Dallas youth welfare program



THREE was a Pier Six brawl down Dallas way a few months back, and the Marines were in the midst of it. The MPs were there in force—but as spectators. They merely looked on and enjoyed it. You see, the scrap was legal; CO's permission and all that.

It all goes back to "Kid's World, Inc.," a juvenile program sponsored by Father Vern Swartsfager of the St. Mathews (Episcopal) Cathedral in Dallas, Texas. The good Padre began taking an interest in delinquent kids soon after he arrived in Dallas. He "ran into" a bunch of dead-enders who operated under cover of night. He worked on the ring-leader with the principle that "he was a sissy; it takes real tough guys to do the right thing." As soon as he had won over the number one lad, the rest of the gang came along easily.

It wasn't long before his juvenile work became recognized all over the country. There were airplane flights to the far reaches of the United States to consult with the authorities when some youngster became involved in a major crime. Last Fall, however, the Padre went broke and it began to look as if the youth activities would fold.

The word got around to the Marine Corps League Detachment in Dallas. They went into action and became the first organization of that city to receive official sanction of the city fathers to hold a benefit for the Padre's work.

The League grabbed the active duty Marines, snared the Reserves and "Exs" in the Dallas-Fort Worth-Abilene area, then propositioned the sailors for competition. "Hell, yes, count us in."

The owner of the huge Sportatorium in Dallas came through with an offer to use his fight ring. On November 4th

the lights of Ed McLemore's big sport palace blazed down on nine Marine-Navy bouts. Regular, Reserve and former Leathernecks and sailors tangled in what McLemore claimed was the best fight evening he's seen in a long time.

The Navy won 5-4, but had to borrow an "extra" Marine heavyweight to accomplish the victory. Jodie Geron, a Fort Worth Reserve, and Billy Buchanan of Dallas were the heavys. Other Marines and former Marines who fought that night were Staff Sergeant Edgar Odom, a recruiter from the Abilene substation; Pfc. Johnny O'Gee from the Dallas Reserve Artillery Unit; Ted Kane, an ex-Second Marine Division lad; former Corporal Earl Pollard; Reservist Harold Patterson and Buster Harrison, a Fort Worth "ex."

To fill out the featherweight and flyweight classes, the Marines borrowed two lads from the Dallas Athletic Club.

The fight high light of the night, however, was a bout between two of the Padre's "Gremlins," as he calls his under 14-year old lads. They fought in the "paperweight" class, and their scrap brought down the house. The fans were so pleased with the determined battle they were staging, that they threw coins into the ring after the third-round bell. Each of the youngsters cleaned up about 35 bucks apiece. Later, it was discovered that appreciative spectators sent more money back to the dressing rooms, enough to up the total of each lad to around \$100.

Even before the last bout was over, the Marine Corps League officials and the sponsors of the Navy entrants, the Fleet Reserve Association, were mulling over ways and means to have next year's tourney include Marine-Navy talent from the fleet and posts in the United States.

They asked, "What better purpose for a good fight, than a fight for kids." *

END



Padre Vern Swartsfager with two of his Gremlins and, right, John Kitts, first "rehab job" of the "Kid's World, Inc."

They Mold Marines

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE picturesque, Spanish-style barracks at San Diego's Recruit Depot houses a rugged type of individual—he's the famed Dago DI, the big wheel in the ten-week basic training of a platoon of West Coast boots. The impression this generally colorful character leaves with his men is carried by them everywhere Marines are stationed—from China to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Marines have always found a great deal of pleasure in recalling the miseries dreamed up for them by their Drill Instructors while in boot camp. DIs are never forgotten. They are the subject for many a salty yarn told by men of the Corps who have long since passed through their boot training. The impression one might get after listening to some of these tales is that the typical DI is a giant in stature, and the meanest, toughest, roughest person in the world.

In the eyes of the average recruit no one quite equals his Drill Instructor. Captains, colonels, and even gen-

erals are relatively unimportant people compared to him. At San Diego the story is still told about the boot who was left to guard the squadroom while his platoon was out on a working detail. The skipper of the Recruit Battalion, a colonel, happened to be passing through on a routine inspection. When he got to this particular squadroom, he was very unceremoniously stopped by the sentry. "Hey, Mac," the boot hollered, "you can't come in here. My DI said to keep everybody out!"

Although such an attitude is never encouraged, there is good reason for

TURN PAGE

Recruit Depot Drill Instructors have
one of the Corps' most exacting tasks

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



DI, T/Sgt. John Braswell, solves the mystery of the missing boot—he was discovered digging a foxhole



Remember the buckets obtained at the PX, and the gear they held? DIs find strange disciplinary uses for them

a boot to feel this way. It's the DI who gets him up in the morning and puts him to bed at night, and in the interim molds him into a Marine. His DI is an iron-lunged individual, who seemingly never gets tired of drill, who browbeats a man unmercifully one minute, commends him the next, and somehow always looks as if he just stepped out of a press shop.

There's an air of mystery about the DI. None of his recruits ever get to know him well. And yet, behind his back he is cussed and discussed from all angles. He may be considered a tyrant by his boots but when the new Marines leave the Depot they unconsciously try to emulate their DI's ways at their first duty stations. The DI leaves his personal stamp on all of his men. If he is a good leader, knows his job, and is forceful, firm and fair, his recruits usually become first class Marines when they graduate to other posts.

The DI's mission is not an easy one. He takes the raw material supplied to him—the recruit—and turns him into a satisfactory Marine, one capable of taking his place as a basic private in any unit to which he may be sent. It's considered one of the most important jobs in the Marine Corps. With the job goes a host of petty, irritating problems. Many recruits, away from home for the first time, have tremendous difficulty in adjusting themselves to the new and strange life of a Marine. They often seem to expect their DIs to take the place of their parents. This, of course, is impossible. But as one of the Depot officers said:

"A good DI has to have the patience

of Job, the loyalty of Jonathan and the willingness of Martha to serve. We don't expect the Drill Instructor to be a chaplain, psychologist or nurse, but he is expected to try to understand something about his men and to use good common sense in dealing with them. He's the main cog in the machine for training recruits."

Lieutenant Colonel John Weber, skipper of the Recruit Training Battalion and a former DI himself, pointed out that in no other capacity in the Marine Corps is an NCO given such opportunities to develop leadership qualities and to influence the future of the Corps. "Good recruits," he continued, "can be ruined by a poor DI and eightballs can be made into satisfactory Marines by a top-notcher."

The colonel considers that the responsibility of the DI is to set an example by appearing to be a "100 per cent Marine in the eyes of his recruits. Recruits want to feel that their instructors are exceptional men. Our DIs must look and act like trained

Marines, if they expect the men to be like them. We try to teach civilians to be Marines, and the DIs are their examples. They must lead before the recruits will follow."

Since the war, one major change has been made in the Recruit Depot's instructional methods. Instead of DIs being responsible for all phases of their platoons' instruction, selected specialists now hold school on such subjects as weapons, first aid, hygiene, map reading, and the history and mission of the Marine Corps. This insures uniform training, but it doesn't mean that all the DI does is see that his outfit is at the right place at the right time. Far from it. When the initial lecture and demonstration is completed, the DI's job begins. He must make certain that every man in his platoon

→
Treatment such as this soon has a boot squaring away his sack for the DI's inspection



has a complete and thorough understanding of the subject.

In many cases this entails painstaking repetition and a great deal of individual instruction. In every platoon there are a few men who don't grasp instruction as rapidly as others and who, if permitted, will hold back the rest of the outfit. A DI can never afford to take the attitude that these people are just stubborn—that they don't want to learn. He must realize that these men need special attention—lots of it. With the proper handling he is usually able to bring them up to par.

Typical of the men now Dling at San Diego is Technical Sergeant John S. Braswell, Jr., a 25-year-old Marine with seven years service. Braswell made tech while we were getting this story—that explains the staff sergeant stripes in the pictures. Braswell comes from Sherman, Tex., and conforms to the popular conception of what Texans look like, but seldom do. Tall, and well-built, with broad, tapering shoulders, he has blond hair and cold, blue eyes. He's a mild enough appearing sort of a fellow, but don't let that fool you. When he's angry, those blue eyes of his take on a glitter, and that easy, Texan drawl changes to a bellowing roar. It's enough to put fear in the heart of a veteran FMMFer, let alone a hapless recruit.

Braswell's boots all respect him, but think he's a hard man to please. "I let 'em know right away who's boss," Braswell said, "and that they've got to do things my way—or else."



A DI must be sure of himself, both on the parade ground and in the field. His platoon must believe in his perfection—he can't afford to be wrong

Many a recruit has found out what that "or else" stands for, much to his regret!

The Sarge looks forward to having three or four wise guys in his outfit when he takes over a platoon. "I make an example of them," he said, "give 'em a bad time for a few days. This makes a decided impression on the smart boys, and the rest of the men get the hint. We usually do OK after that."

How does he like the duty? Braswell admits he's had rougher, but that was overseas when he was jockeying a tank with the 2nd Tank Battalion. "The job has a million headaches," he declared, "but it has one big compensation. That's taking a bunch of fresh kids, just out of high school, and turning them into a body of pretty fair Marines. It gives a guy a feeling of satisfaction—like he's doing a worthwhile job."

END



During a free period three DIs relax with a Pilsner and momentarily forget the steady grind of their work



One of the drawbacks to his job says Braswell, a newly married man, is the every-other-night duty requirement

POSTS OF THE CORPS

BREMERTON

• • • • • • • • • • • • •

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE principal hospital for ships of the Pacific Fleet after the sneak raid of Pearl Harbor was the United States naval base at Bremerton, Washington. Many famous battlewagons including the *California*, *Maryland*, *Nevada*, *Tennessee*, and *West Virginia*, all severely damaged during the attack, nosed their battered bows into the welcome haven offered by Bremerton's drydocks. Here they were sewed up, repaired and refitted for return to battle duty. It must have come as quite a blow to the Imperial Japanese war staff when they received the report that the *Tennessee* was one of the ships taking part in the attack on Tarawa. She had been among the ships which had been supposedly damaged beyond all repair.

Bremerton had spent many years in preparing for just such an emergency. Established in 1891, the naval base became known as "The Home of the Pacific Fleet." The record turned in by Bremerton's 33,144 wartime employees was one of the nation's finest. These hardworking civilians, built, repaired, or overhauled 394 fighting ships. Five carriers were constructed here during the war, as well as 13 destroyers and eight destroyer escorts. There can be little doubt that the war's end would have been considerably delayed if it hadn't been for this great shipyard and the work turned out by its employees.

Bremerton's Marine barracks, like the naval base, is one of the oldest on the coast. It is the only Marine Corps owned reservation in the Pacific Northwest. The first Marines stationed here came on September 16, 1896, five years to the day after the government had established the navy yard. The small detachment was commanded by First Sergeant George Carter, and quartered

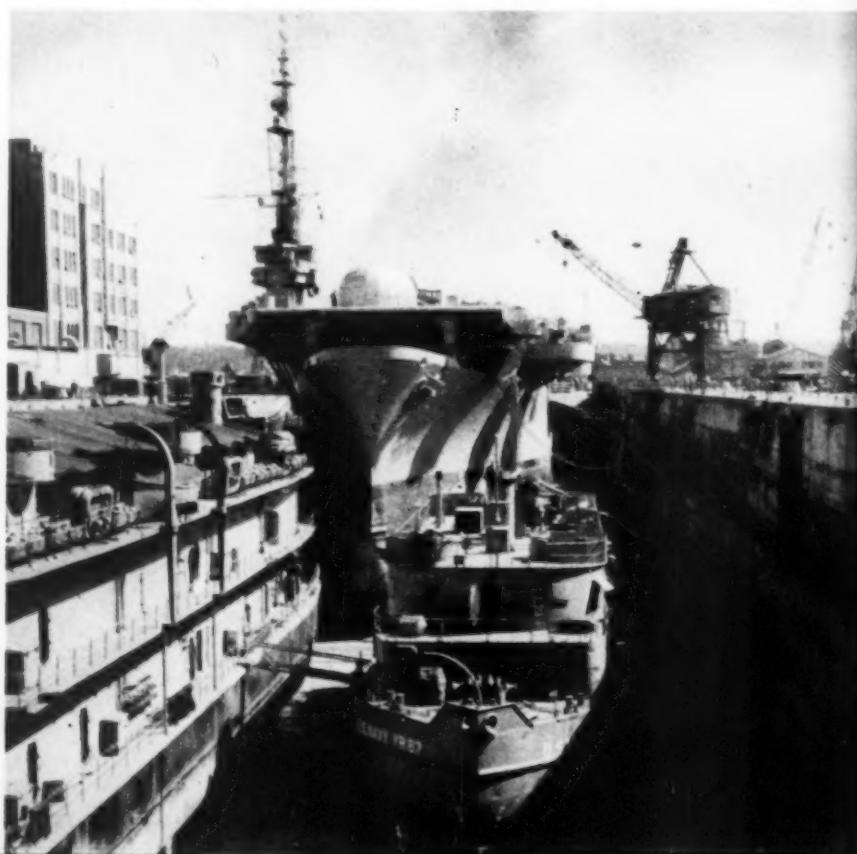
in a brick building located beyond the present State Street gate.

One other enlisted man has commanded the Bremerton Marines—First Sergeant Frank Cullen. He held the job from April 24, 1898, to November 30th of the same year. Since then all of the skippers have been officers. The post grew steadily in size and importance until it finally rated a full colonel. On August 1, 1910, Colonel Charles A. Doyen took over as CO, and it was during his three-year tour of duty that the present old-style brick barracks were constructed in 1912.

The large three-storied barracks closely resemble the Philadelphia Navy

Yard's Marine barracks, which were constructed about the same time. With brick colonnade running up from the deck of the veranda to the overhead, they had a sturdy, dignified look.

The grounds surrounding the Marine quarters make a beautiful setting for the rugged old building. In front is a large green lawn and parade field, bordered with flowers and fir trees. At the base of the flagpole in the center of the front walk is an old cannon surrendered to the battleship *Newark* in the Spanish-American war by an enemy battery on Luzon. On the left side of the barracks, across the street, is the residence of the commanding officer and



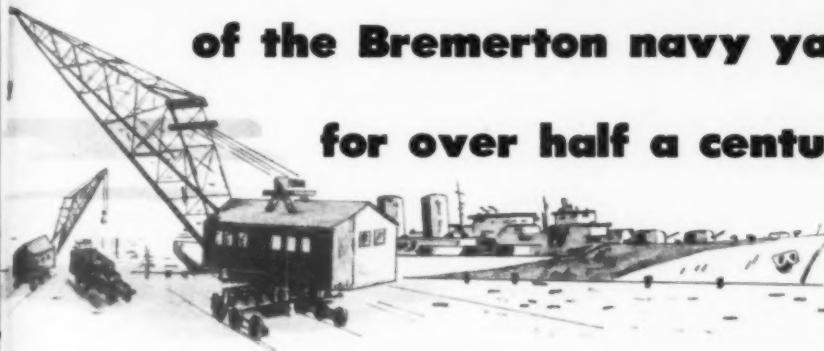
Caption 1

Bremerton's drydocks are the largest in the United States. Four destroyers can be repaired in this one at same time

Marines have been an integral part

of the Bremerton navy yard

for over half a century



the homes and apartments of some of the other officers attached to this post. All the Marine buildings are on high ground overlooking the naval base proper and part of Puget Sound. There is a certain stateliness and grandeur about the place that one might expect to find in a large city park or on the grounds surrounding an old southern mansion.

The Marines and officers quarters are not the only buildings making up this post. Adjacent to the barracks is another brick building which houses the post supply office and the offices of the paymaster, Northwest Pay Area. During the war it quartered the Wo-

men Reserve detachment stationed here. Behind it are the maintenance and carpentry shops and the motor transport garage. It is the largest and most important Marine post in the Northwest.

Originally the Corps owned 15 acres of land, but the war and resulting shipyard expansion forced it to give up half of this. But the eight acres they now occupy are more than adequate for the needs of the 230 men and officers in the command. The parade ground is large enough to serve as both a football field and baseball diamond. Each morning, Marines not on duty practice their flanking and column

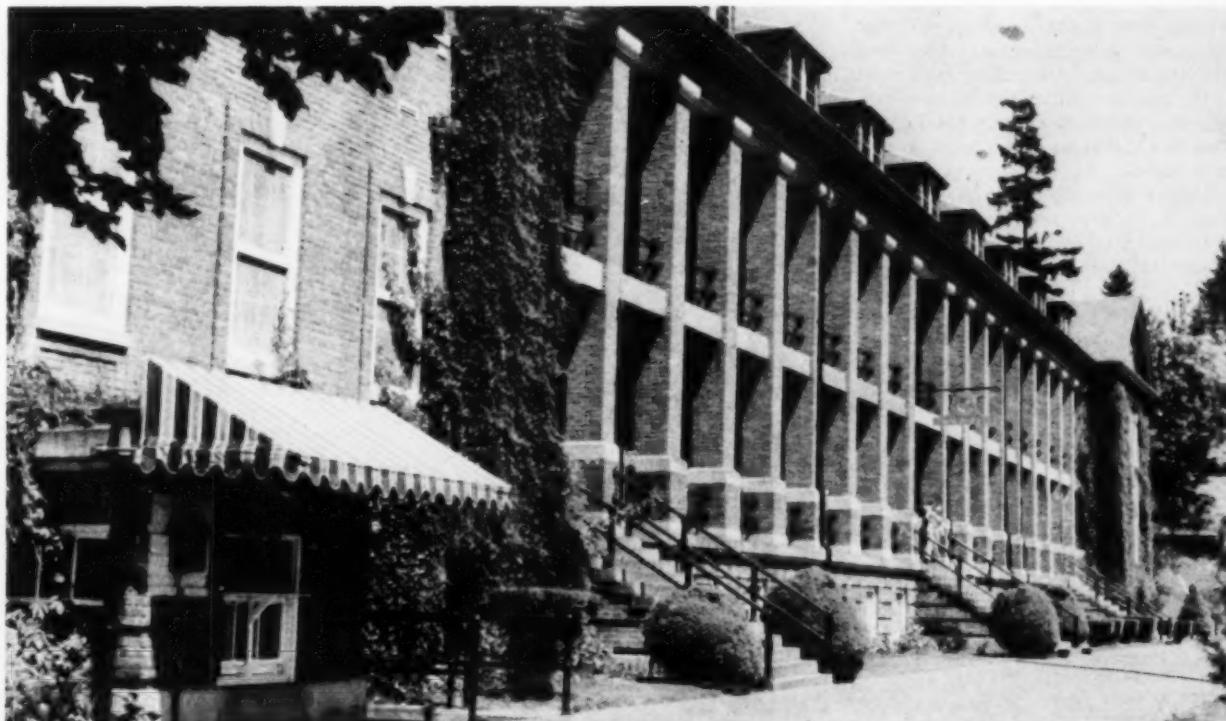


Colonel David A. Stafford, present Marine barracks commanding officer

movements here before the watchful eyes of NCOs. Troop and stomp is a must at Bremerton.

When on duty, Bremerton Marines have a big job on their hands. There are almost 10,000 civilians working in the yard in addition to the large number of service people, and each must be checked in and out of one of eight gates. During the morning and the

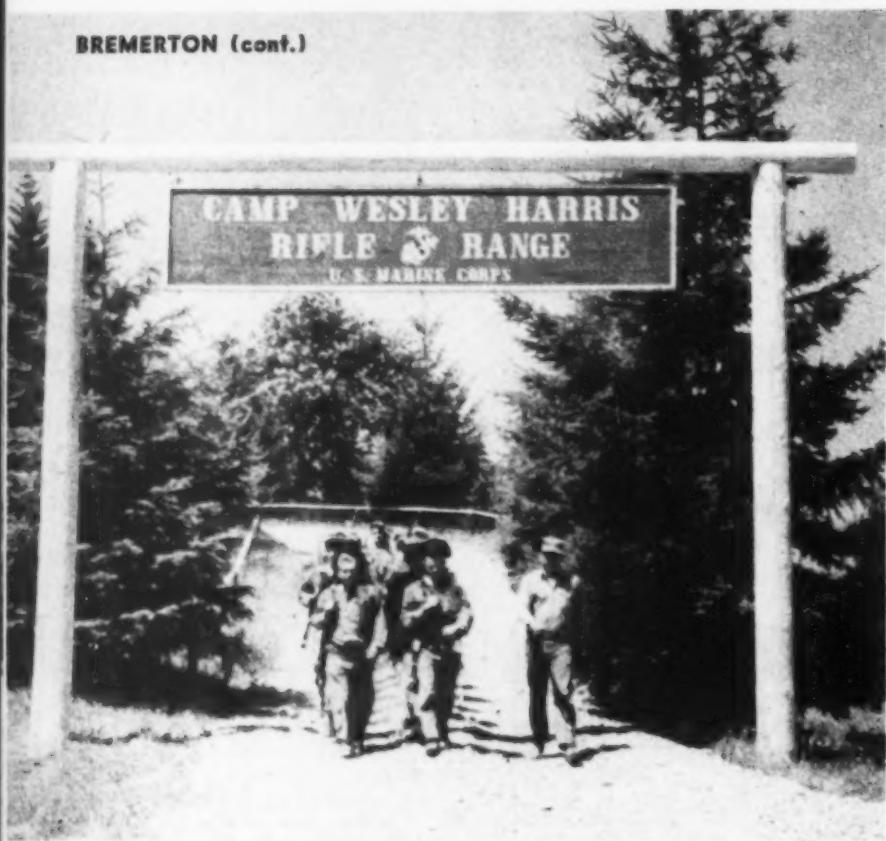
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A stately grandeur distinguishes this old brick barracks from the other commercial looking buildings of the yard.

It was built in 1912 and is located on the high ground which overlooks the naval base and most of Puget Sound

BREMERTON (cont.)



Bremerton Marines are shooting enthusiasts. The Camp Wesley Harris rifle range, located off the navy yard, is an essential part of the barracks

evening rush periods, sentries are kept constantly busy checking the long streams of cars. And adding even more to the Marines' difficulties, they are required to shake-down cars leaving the yard to see that no government property is stolen.

Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, hand-picked Bremerton Marines were detailed to undercover duties in the naval base. They assisted the Federal Bureau of Investigation in detecting persons with doubtful intents and origins who were engaged in ship-building activities. The Marines maintained a watch over such people and reported any suspicious activity to the local FBI agent. If it was decided to take the person into custody, a Marine was deputized and made the arrest.

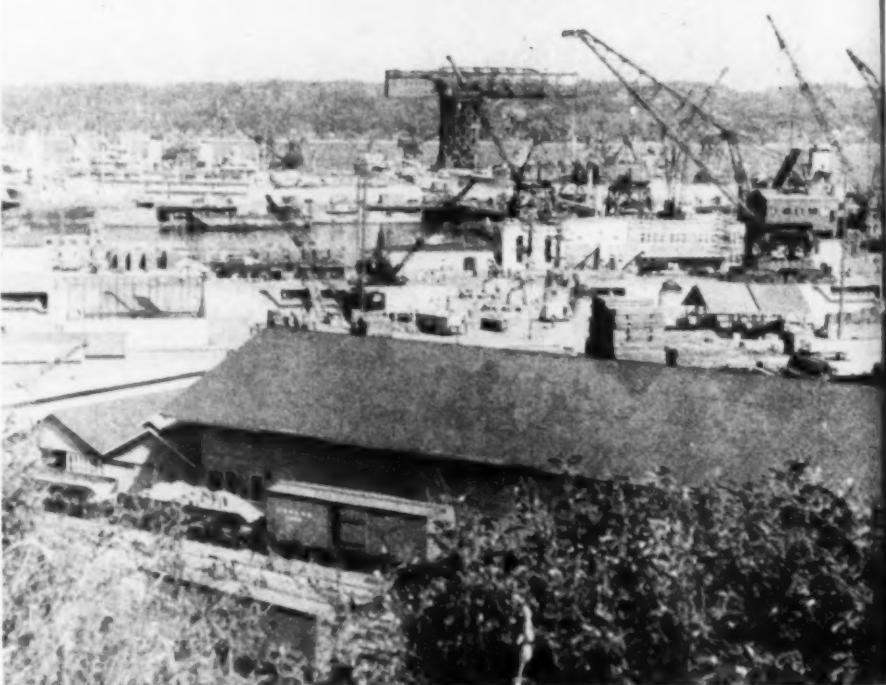
But it is not all work for members of Bremerton's Marine guard, and there is certainly no lack of off-duty entertainment. Perhaps the biggest recreational activity is fishing. Practically everyone is an Izaak Walton on this post from the CO, Colonel David A. Stafford, down to the last pot-walking private in the galley.

The waters around the yard are abundant with salmon, cod, sand dabs, steelheads, and many other varieties of

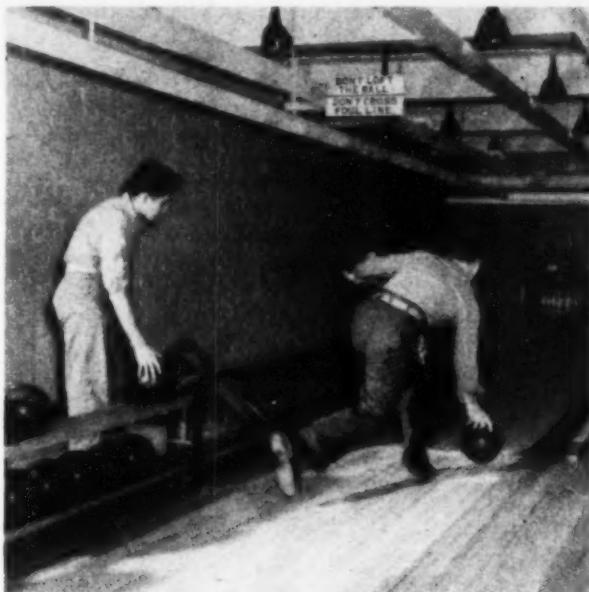
fish. Special Services furnishes boats and motors plus all the necessary tackle and equipment. There are numerous lakes and streams in the area for those who prefer to try their luck in fresh water. If one were to believe what he hears from Bremerton Marines, all you have to do is throw a hook and line and give a hearty yank. If you don't have a 20 pound salmon on the other end, you are probably not living right.

Although Bremerton itself is not too popular a liberty town, the naval base Marines have a choice of a wide variety of other places to visit while ashore. A one-hour ferry ride takes them to Seattle, one of the best cities on the coast for pleasure seekers. Then there are the nearby cities of Olympia or Tacoma—both worthy of a liberty trip. Seattle is only a few hours drive from British Columbia, and many Bremerton Marines establish week-end beach-heads in Vancouver or Victoria. They have discovered that their blue uniforms help to establish good international relationships with pretty Canadian gals.

The favorite subject for gumbeating at this post concerns the weather. Nearby Port Angeles receives almost 100 inches annually and is the wettest spot in the U. S. The Marines say that Bremerton gets more than its share, and they can well understand why



Most of the battleships damaged at Pearl Harbor were brought here for repairs. This navy yard can handle the largest ships in the U. S. Fleet



Keglers can keep pace with the spares and strikes on the bowling alleys located in the basement of the barracks



A number of Izaak Waltons may be found among the Marines stationed at Bremerton. Salmon fishing is a favorite sport

people living in the Northwest have long been called "webfoots." Raincoats and boots are a most necessary item of Marine equipment here, both ashore and on duty.

One of the best known rifle ranges in the Corps, Camp Wesley Harris, is an integral part of this post. It is not situated in the yard itself, but out of Bremerton in a pretty little valley, surrounded by Washington's famous evergreen trees. The camp was named after Private Wesley Harris who enlisted in Port Orchard, not far from the range. He died of wounds received at St. Mihiel in 1918 while fighting with the Fifth Regiment. Originally the property of the Kitsap County Rifle and Revolver club, the range was first used by Marines in 1928. The government leased the property in 1933, and later purchased it outright.

The range has quarters and mess facilities for 250 men, and all Marines in the 13th Naval District come here in the Summer months to shoot for re-qualification. Interest in rifle shooting is very keen among these Bremerton Marines. They hold many matches at Wesley Harris and send entries to others held in the state. Last Summer a team was sent to Camp Lewis, Wash., for the State Rifle Association matches. The six-man outfit copped 21 medals and two trophies.

One of the biggest shoots held annually in August at Wesley Harris is the Anderson Memorial match. A beautiful trophy was donated to the barracks by members of the Kitsap Rifle Club in memory of Platoon Sergeant Clarence J. Anderson. A well-known

shooter in the prewar Corps, Anderson won the President's Cup in the Camp Perry match of 1937. His home was near Bremerton, and when he later died of a heart attack, it was decided to hold this match in his honor.

The barrack's CO, Col. Stafford, is 41st in a long line of distinguished Ma-

rine officers who have held the helm of the naval base Marines. Included in the list are such names as Charles G. Long, Joseph H. Pendleton, Dickson P. Hall, and Phillip H. Torrey. Col. Stafford is a veteran of many years in the Corps, having served in World War I and on the staff of the Fifth

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Thousands of Marines and Sailors throughout the Corps and Fleet have spent a lot of liberty time along Pacific Avenue in Bremerton's downtown section

BREMERTON (cont.)



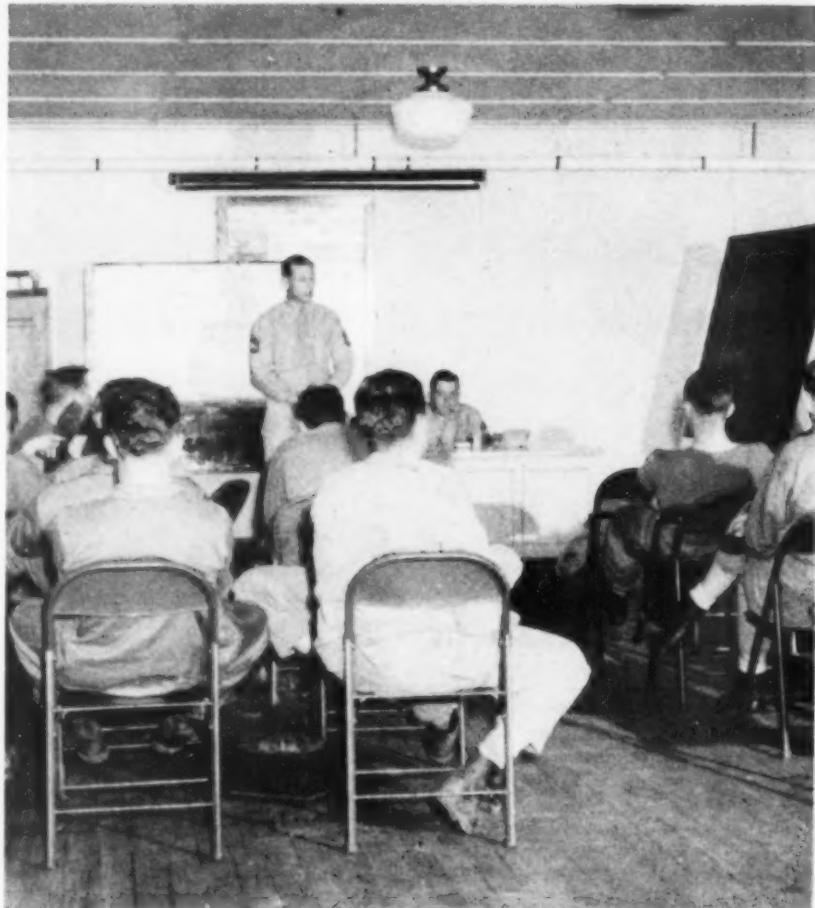
Amphibious Corps during World War II. He is the senior Marine officer in the 13th Naval District.

The outstanding naval base landmark, something that can be seen long before one arrives at the yard, is the giant revolving crane, one of the largest of its type in the world. It is 175 feet high and can lift 250 tons against a 40 mile wind. The yard has five dry-docks including two of the world's largest. The one nearest the main gate is thought to be the oldest ship-building dock in the U. S. It was completed in January, 1919, at a cost of \$781,500. Four destroyers can be repaired in it at one time.

The main function of the yard at present is the repair of naval vessels needing major overhaul work. There has been no new construction since the war's end. A large number of ships are undergoing a preservative process preparatory to taking their place in the Pacific Reserve Fleet, Bremerton group.

Marines standing port and starboard watches at Bremerton may take pride in the part they play in protecting this important shipyard. It is a base vital to our national security.

END



It's school for all the men not on watch. Running the navy yard guard is a big assignment and Marine sentries must be kept well briefed in their duties



Each day Marine sentries check some 8500 civilians and liberty-bound servicemen through the navy yard gates



The navy yard was a beehive of activity during the war when some 33,144 employees built or repaired 394 ships

NEW FACES

BY JIM MACHIN



DICK
MANVILLE

SOUGHT BY 5
MAJOR CLUBS HE
CHOSE BOSTON, FOR A
CHANCE TO LEARN UNDER
BILLY SOUTHWORTH

HE'S ALSO THE ONLY MAN
WHO PLAYED FOR BOTH YALE
AN' HARVARD.

DETROIT PICKED
UP THIS LAD WHO
LED THE T.L. WITH
A B.A. OF 334, 94
R.B.I. AN' 30 H.R.'S.

JOHN
GROTH



GUS.
ZERNIAL

NOW WITH
THE WHITE SOX
BURNED UP THE
WEST COAST HITTING 322, WITH 40 H.R.S.

WHOSE
SIDE ARE
YOU ON?



JACK
GRAHAM

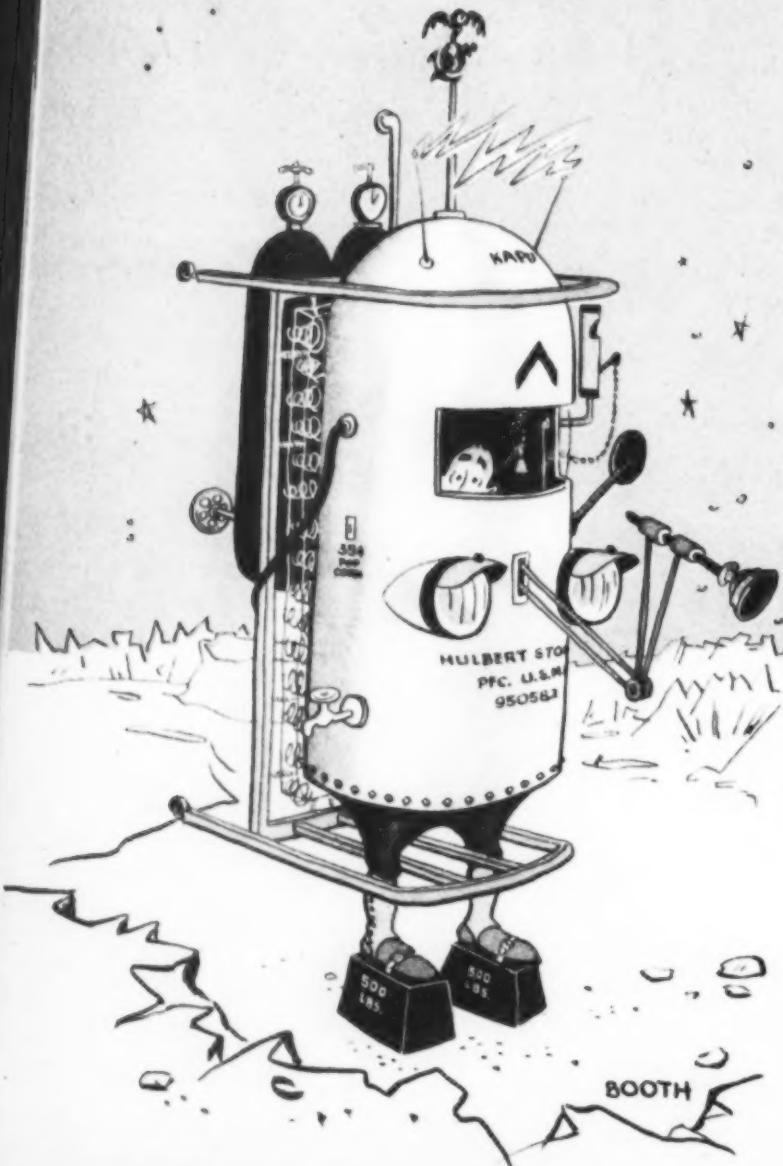
HIT 298, AN' LED THE
P.G.L. IN HOME RUNS!



Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

DEMONIAIR OR LATER



April 1, '02

Dear Stinky:

I can't tell you where I am because the mail is censored. But the name of our base is Cow-Jump and we are here on Operation Hey-Diddle-Diddle. We're all lunatics up here. Remember those old songs that go June, Spoon, croon...well, some bright night look up in the sky and think of me. I'm sorry I can't tell you where I am. Security is very strict.

Some of the guys are griping because they think somebody else should have landed. They say it isn't a naval operation at all—on account of there is no water up here, or air, or anything for that matter. In fact we live underground, deep under the rocks.

So don't keep asking me "Where on earth are you?" because I'm not. In fact I'm as far away as the Man in the (censored).

I love you very much. I love the Marine Corps, too. Please write to me.

X X X X X X X X X X

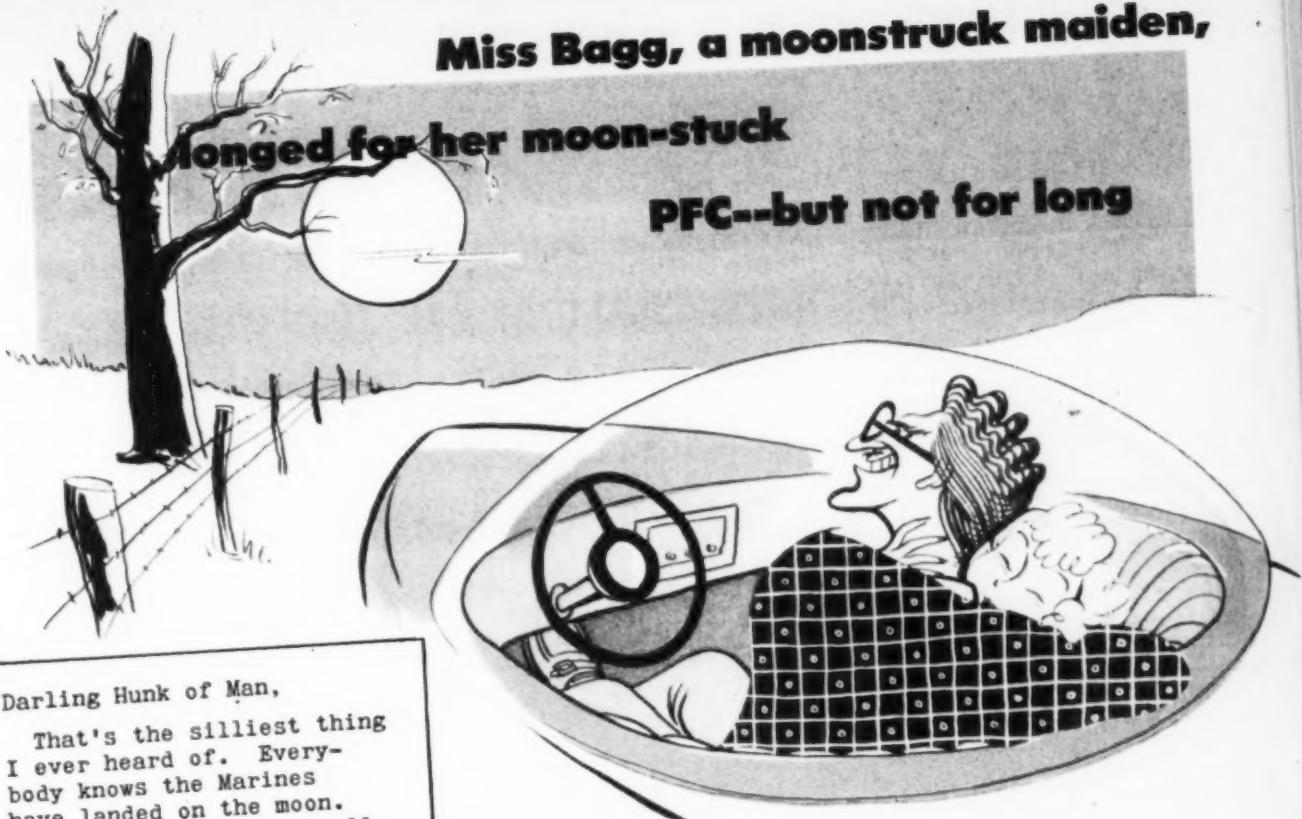
Your loving Hunk,

PFC Hulbert Stoops,
USMC

Miss Bagg, a moonstruck maiden,

longed for her moon-stuck

PFC--but not for long



Darling Hunk of Man,

That's the silliest thing I ever heard of. Everybody knows the Marines have landed on the moon. It's in the newspapers all over with pictures of the S.S. Chaumont and the S.S. Henderson after they were converted into space ships. What do you mean, security? What's wrong with the Marine Corps anyhow?

I miss you very much. And I love you like nothing human. Every night we go out to look at the moon and we think of you.

SWAGBSK

Sealed with a great big sweet kiss

Imogene Bagg



Dear Stinky:

You just don't understand about the Marine Corps security regulations. So what if the newspapers do print that stuff. The Marines don't know about it. It's tradition. Like the last A and I inspection here. I didn't have my name stamped on my Mark IV utility suit (space suit to you, honey bun) and the colonel got real sore. You see we have to stamp it right on the extension knob of the oxygen valve and I had mine stamped on the outlet cam stacking swivel frammis. As punishment he made me repeat the enlisted Marines' prayer. You know, the one beginning: "I love my atomic pistol, because it is my life..."

After I recited that, the colonel turned on his heel, a lieutenant by the name

of Murchison, and they crawled through the tunnel to bubble #11 which we use as an officers club. They use, that is.

I am in charge of supplies here, which is a very important job. I weigh everything when it comes in. And then I take care of the correspondence. You know, letters, and memos, and stuff like that.

I'm glad you're thinking of me. Say, who looks at the (censored) with you? Is it Millie down the street? Don't catch cold and be a good girl because I love you.

I have to weigh the supplies now, so I will close.

X X X X X X X X X

Hunk

PFC Hulbert Stoops,
USMC

TURN PAGE

LUNAR OR LATER (cont.)

Dear Hunk:

I read about the Marines every day in the papers. What's this about everybody being court-martialed for wasting supplies. I hope you aren't doing it, Hulbert. I remember how you used to eat everything. But please don't eat so much. Congress is going to investigate you, I guess, since you are responsible for supplies.

I'm so proud of you. I knew you would be a great man someday. But be careful. Congress is talking about cutting off your appropriation. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you—and I think it's horrible even to think about cutting off a Marine's appropriation. Do you have a doctor on the moon?

We think about you every night. Naturally I cannot look at the moon by myself so I have found somebody to help me, and kind of take my mind off how much I miss you. Not Millie, either. There is a nice little boy across the street, just moved in, who holds on to my hand while we look at the moon and think of you. I do love you.

SWAK

Miss Imogene Bagg

P.S. If you find anything in the supplies you think I might like please send it to me, Hunk. I know you aren't taking any of that stuff, but if you love me, think of me, and send me some of it, too.

Dear Imogene:

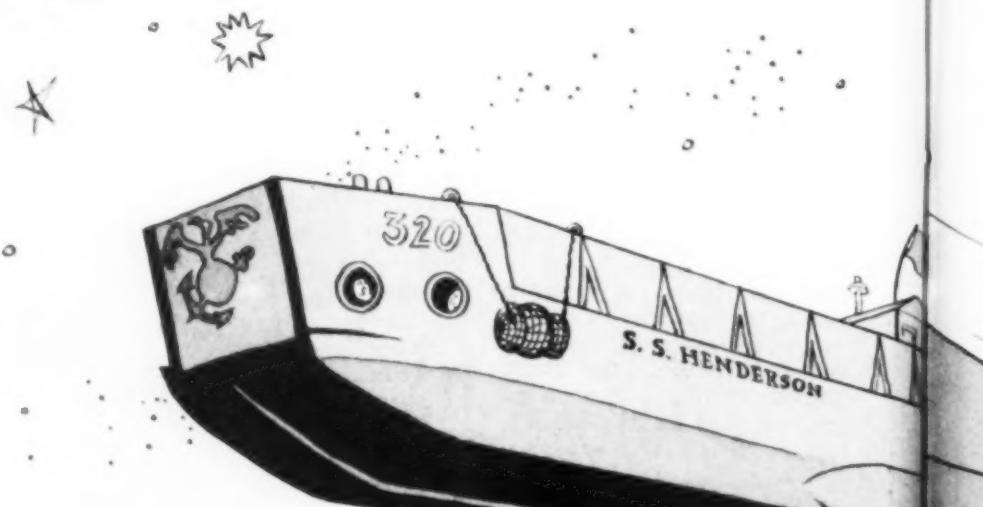
Of course I love you. But I'm not stealing anything. Has everybody gone crazy? Look, they are sending us a lot of stuff, but it weighs less up here.

See, if the QM sends us a thousand pounds of C ration and dog biscuits we only get about 200 pounds of it. That's just an example. I can't tell you exactly but everything weighs about a fifth or a sixth as much up here, I forget which. Anyhow when the Special Service officer took us on an outing last Sunday we had a high jumping contest. I jumped 25 feet in the air—if there was any air that is—and came in last.

And don't accuse me of eating the supplies. I weighed 210 lbs. back home, remember how you used to say I was so heavy. Well, up here I only weigh 45 lbs. including my 782 gear.

always say when a man doesn't trust a woman that's a sign they don't love them. Not only that; how do I know you're being true to me? Up there with all those women and no policemen around to make you behave. I won't even discuss it with you.

Furthermore I cannot tolerate a person who would do anything dishonest. You can't tell me that you aren't doing something with those supplies. How about the government waste in tinned biscuits and how they've sent you tons of that stuff and you've only accounted for a few pounds of it. If you're selling it to somebody you should be making a fortune, and I always knew you'd get



I'm so glad you're looking at the censored with a little boy. It's like baby sitting, isn't it. I can just see you holding onto his little hand. I trust you all the way Imogene and I love you. How old is this little boy?

X X X X X

PFC Hulbert Stoops,
USMC

Dear Hulbert:

You hurt me deeply by not trusting me. And I



ahead. If you loved me you could buy me something real nice with some of that money. But be careful because they're really intending to cut off your appropriation.

I have discussed this with the boy who has been looking at the moon with me. He is blonde and blue-eyed and a perfect doll. Awfully little—only five feet seven inches tall, but he's all man. He just got out of the Army on his 21st birthday. Mother says I am staying out too late, but I am only thinking about you, Hulbert, and looking at the moon.

I'll be eighteen next month, Hulbert, and I wish you could be here.

Eustace and I are cele-

brating our birthdays together, as his birthday is only five months away. Oh, I love you, Hulbert and even if you stole a space ship, I wouldn't care. I miss you very much.

As ever,

Miss Imogene Bagg

P.S. You'd better see your doctor or something if you only weigh 45 pounds. Eustace weighs 145, stripped.

Miss Imogene Bagg:

For the last time I'm telling you I'm not stealing anything. And there aren't any women on the (censored). There's not a living thing up here no

the nose. Talk about me stealing things.

You're right about us having trouble with the supplies. The colonel came to my desk and stopped with a jerk—a captain by the name of Simplethwaite—and they asked me what I was doing with the supplies. So now I am busy all day making out forms and I should be doing that now instead of writing to you. QM has trouble understanding about the weight, too. I've got a stack of forms three feet high to fill out so we can get the QM's books straight. See we are charged with 25 tons of C ration and dog biscuit but we only got about one fifth of that or one sixth.

But please explain to everybody that we aren't stealing anything or wasting anything.

And I'd just as soon you didn't look at the (censored) if you got to do it with a man. You listen to what your mother tells you.

As ever,

PFC Hulbert Stoops

PFC Hulbert Stoops, USMC

Dear Private,

We don't believe that stuff about the space pirates looting the rocket ships from the earth. It's in all the newspapers but we don't believe it. Those supplies are going somewhere and the Marines are certainly stealing them. And what do you mean by no women up there? We read about that in the papers, too. And everybody is singing a new song called "A Space Ship Built For Two." I can imagine you in a space suit with one of those women. I can't imagine what I ever saw in you Mr. Stoops Stealing equipment, indeed. And carousing (continued on page 52



flowers or trees or animals, or anything but our detachment of Marines. Has everyone gone crazy?

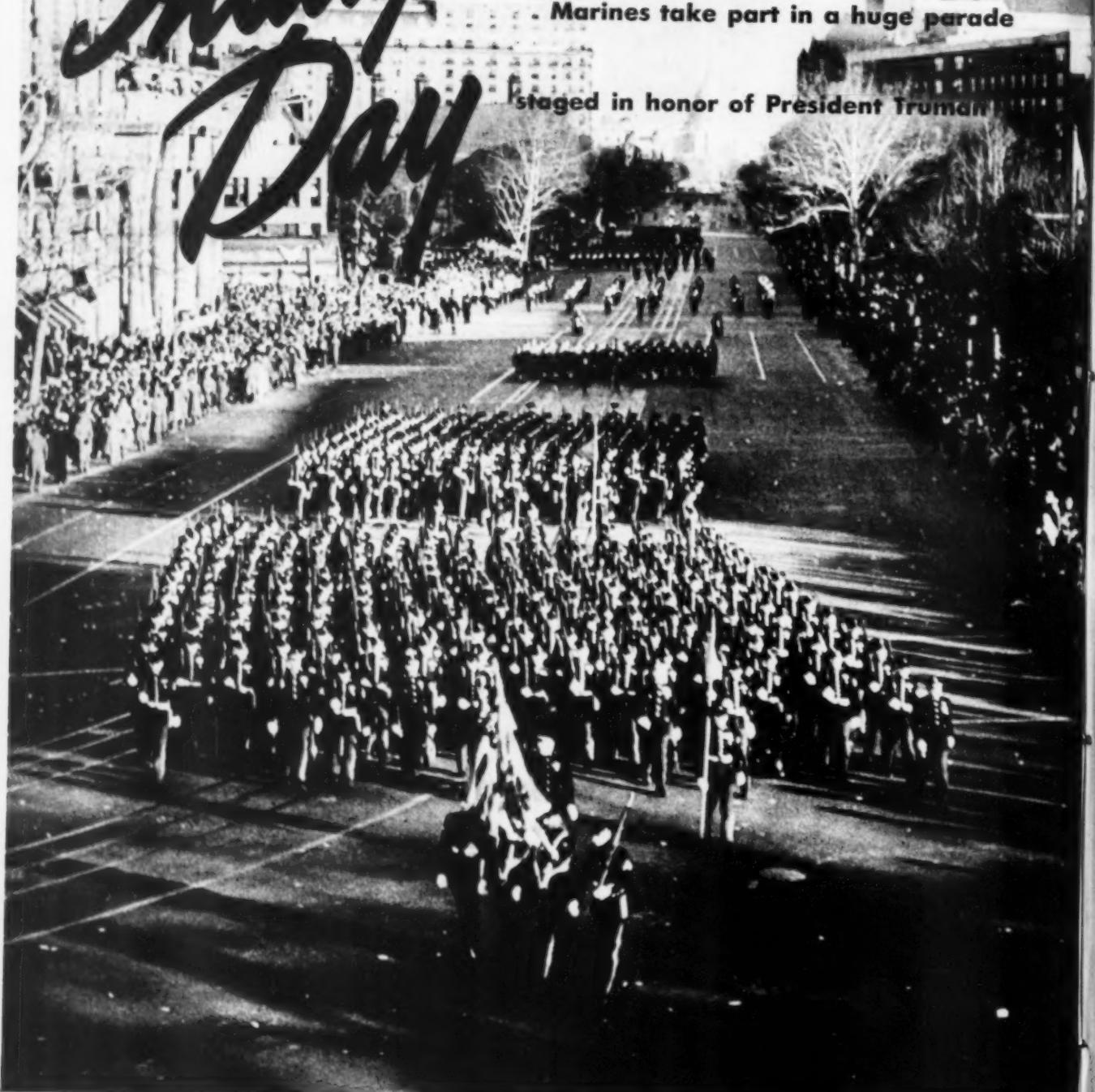
Listen, things weigh less up here than they do down on earth. Look, if you had one apple on earth it would weigh the same as five or six apples up here. See, if they send us an apple from the earth, it's still an apple when it gets up here but it don't weigh hardly anything. They don't send any apples anyway.

If I get back there I'll bust that damn Eustace in

Inauguration Day

Marines take part in a huge parade

staged in honor of President Truman





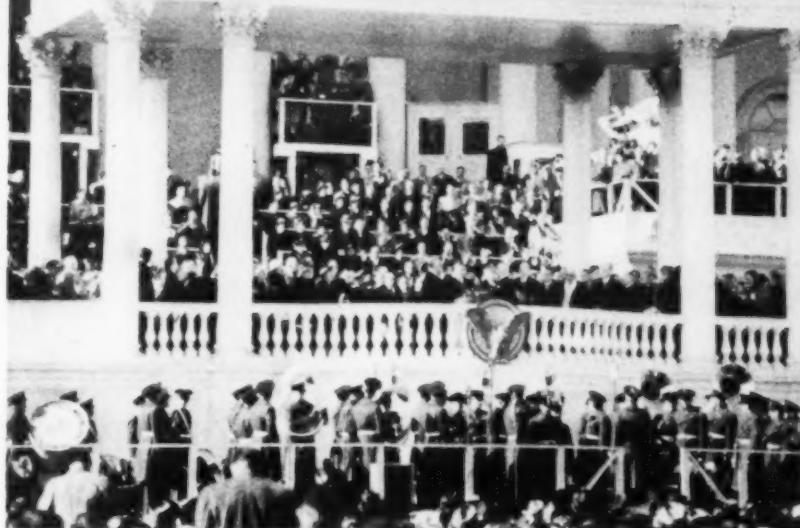
THE Marines played a big part in the biggest inaugural celebration of all time. They seemed to be everywhere as Harry Truman, the 32nd President of the United States, took the oath of office for his first full term.

The Marine Corps band followed the President in the place of honor in the parade, and drew a terrific hand from the shivering hundreds of thousands who sat in bleachers, hung from windows, stood in mass formation, or roosted in trees along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Marine planes from Cherry Point and Quantico took part in the aerial march. Marine officers served as aides to several of the visiting governors. A composite battalion of Marines from Quantico led the naval division of the seven-mile, three-hour-long parade.

Reservists from the 5th Inf. Bn. Wash., D.C. and regulars from surrounding areas helped the Metropolitan police. (They shared lunches and hot coffee with the crowd, some of whom had stood in one spot since 0700 that morning.)

Eighteen aid stations took care of casualties, and 20 stainless steel comfort stations took care of comfort. The Marines came through comfortably, without casualties and were a credit to their tradition: the elite corps of the armed forces.



President Harry S. Truman takes the oath of office. The Marine Corps Band played for the inauguration, as it has for every president since Jefferson



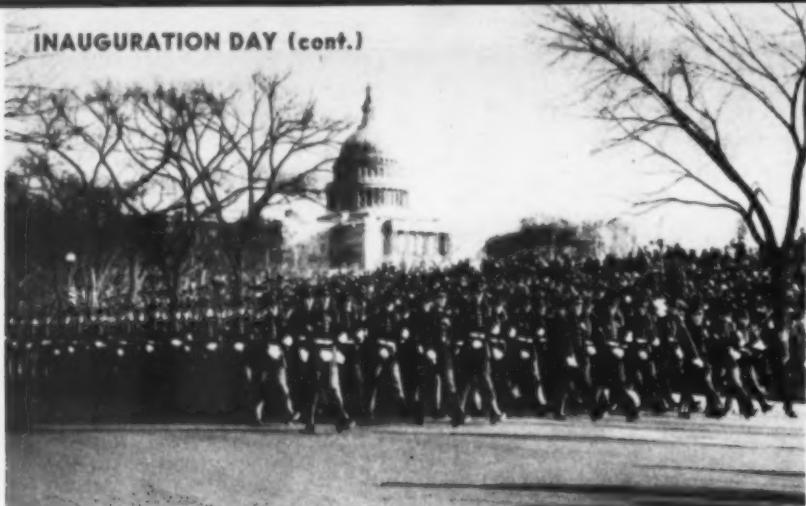
Colonel Joseph C. Burger, CO of the 22nd Marines, heads a composite staff and a battalion of Leathernecks from Quantico in the Inauguration Parade



This battalion of Marines, composed of men drawn from the 22nd Marines and Marine Corps Schools at Quantico,

await their turn to fall in at the line of march. The Inaugural Parade took three hours to pass a given point

INAUGURATION DAY (cont.)



The Quantico Leathernecks, with the exception of the Marine Corps Band following the President, were the only Marines (male) marching in the parade



The Women Marines rated a big hand from crowds that lined Pennsylvania Avenue to watch the nation's most elaborate Inauguration Day ceremonies



Musician Third Class L. F. Seitz has free moments to enjoy the Gala, too



Autograph hound Angelo Saverino traps celebrity, Gene Kelly at the Gala



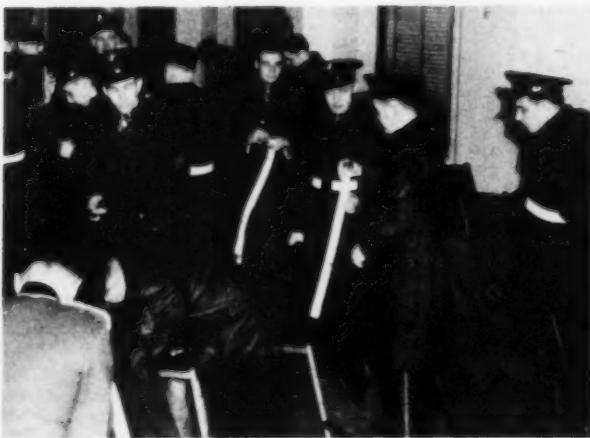
Members of the 5th Infantry Battalion, USMCR, Washington, D.C., aided the police in keeping order along the crowd-jammed streets of the parade route



The Quantico Band gets a lesson in drumming from a kibitzer as they wait for the parade to form



Pfc. Helen E. Orencole assists Sgt. Margaret Crowel touch up her highly polished shoes before falling into ranks



The Marine Corps Band gets ready to leave their barracks for the parade, where they marched behind the President



Musician Third Class Robert A. Shapiro puts the last few touches to an already sparkling horn before parade time



Pfc. G. A. Conklin, MCAS, Quantico, was one of the many Marines who helped make the parade colorful and orderly



Civilian marksmen help to maintain the U. S. as a nation of riflemen. A workout on the small bore range at Quantico, Va.



Visitors to the National Rifle Association's Washington, D. C. headquarters examine and discuss rifles in the laboratories



Arthur E. Cook, 20-year-old Olympic small bore champ from Washington, D. C., gets set for sharp shooting at Quantico

STICK TO YOUR GUNS

by E. B. Mann

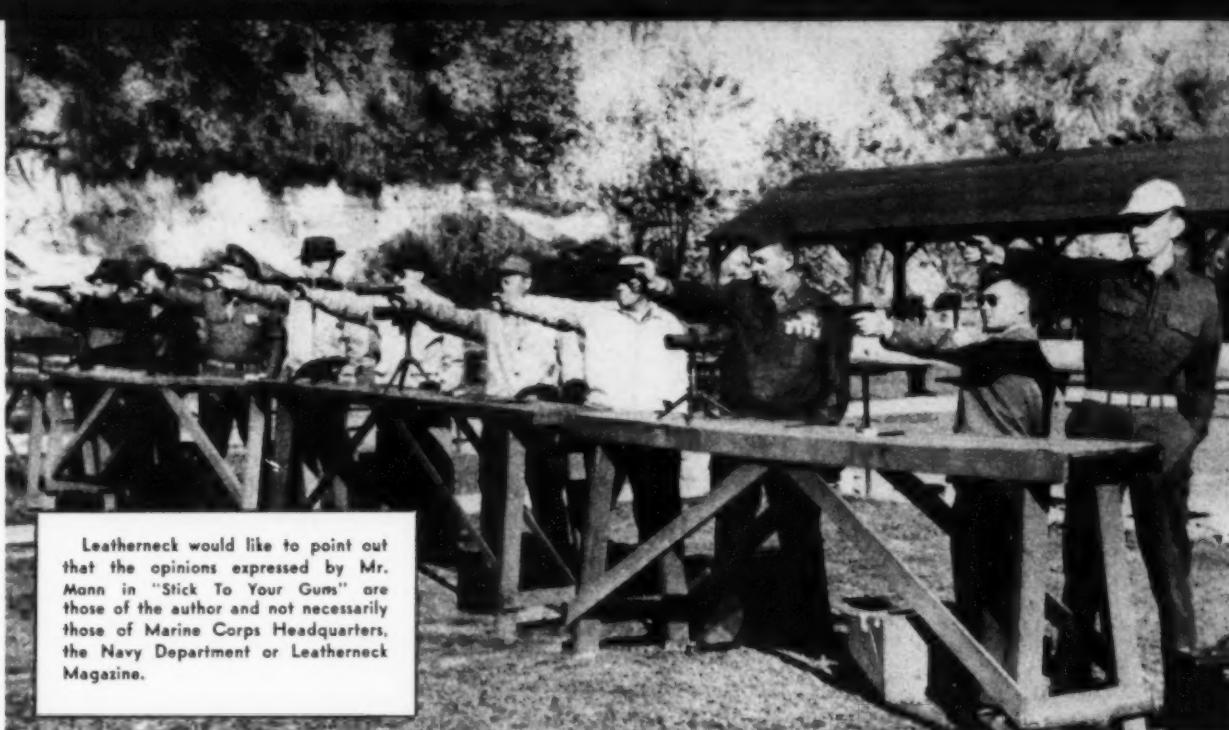
"The man who knows that he can hit what he is shooting at with a rifle is a confident fighting man." —

Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, (former) Commandant, United States Marines.

THOSE words, written in 1943, explain the creed behind the practice that has made the United States Marine Corps the world's shootin'est service.

Like the Marines, the National Rifle Association of America preaches the time-tried and history-proved gospel, "It's the hits that count." Like the Marines, it practices what it preaches. It's a doctrine that pays dividends, both in peace-time sport and in war-time combat.

But it is a doctrine that needs the support of every shooter, military and civilian, if Americans are to retain one of their first and most important freedoms—their Constitutional right "to own and bear arms." Lack of that freedom left the citizens of Europe helpless in the hands of their own and foreign aggressors—and it CAN happen here! The right to own and bear arms is a freedom jeopardized every year in America by the vicious or ignorant



Leatherneck would like to point out that the opinions expressed by Mr. Mann in "Stick To Your Guns" are those of the author and not necessarily those of Marine Corps Headquarters, the Navy Department or Leatherneck Magazine.

The first annual NRA convention, held last year in D. C., used the Marine Corps range at Quantico, Va. for rifle and pistol

matches. Top pistoleers, from right: Maj. Phil Roettinger, Lt. Colonel Walter R. Walsh, and Captain Thurman Barrier

"...the right of the people to keep and bear arms"

proposals for anti-firearms laws. The identity of the people behind these proposals is a deep, dark mystery; but, whoever they are, they want our guns! And those proposed laws would have been written into our statute books long ago except for the vigilance and active opposition of the National Rifle Association.

On November 24, 1948, the National Rifle Association celebrated its 77th birthday; and the story of those 77 years of NRA endeavor is the story of rifle marksmanship in America, in the Armed Forces as well as among civilians.

True, long before the birth, in 1871, of the National Rifle Association, the United States had learned, in its Colonial wars, the value of aimed fire and had earned a reputation for dead-eye accuracy with that "new" weapon, the rifle—of which military experts said then, as experts have said more recently of other weapons, "It threatens to make war so deadly that no nation will ever again dare to wage war!" But it was a reputation built upon a precarious foundation. The deadly marksmanship that enabled an upstart infant nation to win those early wars was a skill vested only in a few—a few buckskin-shirted woods-

men armed with the few straight-shooting rifles then in existence.

America was not, even then, "a nation of riflemen." A vast majority of our Colonial troops didn't have rifles, couldn't get rifles, couldn't have fired a rifle accurately even had the rifles been available. They were musketeers, not riflemen; armed with poor old smoothbores which wouldn't consistently hit a man-sized target at 50 yards!

ALTHOUGH we had learned in those wars the value of aimed fire, it was a lesson soon forgotten. The Civil War, proved beyond question that marksmanship was still an art known only to a few; that accuracy of small-arms fire generally, on both sides, was unbelievably bad.

It was this bitterly learned lesson, plus a wave of acid comments in the Press about National Guard inefficiency in the field of small arms, that spurred a group of New York National Guard officers to action and brought about the organization, under New York State charter, of The National Rifle Association.

Today, the National Rifle Association is a giant of national, even international scope, backed by the Army Department, serving every branch of our

Armed Forces together with hundreds of thousands of police and civilian shooters in the development of small-arms marksmanship—for war, for law enforcement, and for sport. It is the force that is making America now, more than it has ever been in the past, "a nation of riflemen."

The first American rifle range equipped for long-range firing was set up on the Creed farm in New York, along the right-of-way of the then-building Long Island Railway. It was named; for obvious reasons, Creedmoor; and the word "Creedmoor" is still a part of the language of marksmanship, signifying the methods of breaking ties that had their origin there.

In 1874, a team from the Amateur Rifle Club, one of the first clubs organized under NRA charter, accepted a challenge from the Irish Rifle Team, champions already of Great Britain, for an eight-man-team match, seven shots per man at each of the 800-, 900-, and 1000-yard ranges. The match was fired at Creedmoor on September 26th of that year, with cash stakes of \$500.00 per side, and the American team won by a score of 935 to 931. The final and deciding shot was fired by Colonel John Bodine—a bull's-eye five triggered by a hand dripping blood from a deep cut



Major General Lemuel Shepherd Jr., of Quantico is shown presenting Major Harry Reeves, USMCR, Detroit police officer, with the pistol championship trophy

suffered from a broken pop bottle during the lunch hour. That victory and the manner of its attainment stirred the Press of New York and of the nation, and target shooting as an organized sport was on its way.

In 1875, the American Team defeated the British Team at Wimbledon and brought back a silver tankard trophy presented by Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Queen Victoria. That tankard is the trophy for which today's hard-fought Wimbledon Cup Matches are fired. This trophy was won by Lieutenant Colonel Edwin L. Hamilton the last time it was competed for in 1940 and is at present in the office of the Commandant, USMC.

But there were black defeats as well as victories. Army interest in this new gospel of individual marksmanship was limited to scattered regimental and division commanders, and Army teams fared poorly against civilian competition.

The NRA, working then as now for improved military arms and improved training methods, finally persuaded the Army to accept a match—12-man teams, seven shots per man at 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1000 yards—against the British Army Team. The match was fired at Creedmoor and the British led at all ranges, winning by an embarrassing 170 points. The fault lay, not so much in inferior American marksmanship as in inferior American military rifles; and Army authorities now joined

NRA officials in the effort to develop better arms, better targets, better training manuals and methods. But it was not until 1901 that an Act of Congress directed the Secretary of War to establish a National Board for The Promotion of Rifle Practice (said Board to include representatives of the Regular Services, the National Guard, and The National Rifle Association) and to provide plans, facilities and trophies for a National Match shooting program.

The first National Matches were held at the New Jersey state range at Sea Girt, September 2, 1901. It would be pleasant for the purposes of this article if one could say, "Naturally, the Marines won!" But they didn't. The New York National Guard won by 86 points over second-place New Jersey and the Marine Corps team placed sixth, the Army Team seventh, the Navy Team thirteenth in a field of 15 entries.*

*Lieutenant Thomas Holcomb was a member of that 1901 Marine Team. In 1902, Lieutenant Holcomb won the individual rifle championship of the world. He was a member also of the Marine Rifle Teams of 1902, 1903, 1907, 1908 and 1911, and a member of the United States Team in the International Palma Trophy Matches of 1902 and 1903. Later Commandant of Marines, his influence throughout his long service in the Corps was a prime factor in the development of that tradition of marksmanship which led one international military authority to say, "No finer shooting body of men than the United States Marines ever went into war."



In 1904, the .22 caliber rifle came into the picture, both as a training weapon in the services and as a target arm—although it was not until 1919 that the .22 was recognized by the inclusion of smallbore matches in the National Match Program.

In 1905, the first intercollegiate rifle matches were staged by teams from Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania. They finished in that order; and the foundation was laid for the later nation-wide program of teaching Young America to shoot—for national defense as well as for sport.

In 1907, the National Matches moved to Camp Perry, Ohio, where the newly aroused military interest in marksmanship had prompted the construction of a model range. So a new name came into the history of American marksmanship and "Camp Perry" became the shooter's mecca.

The Marines were not the first winners at Perry, but every dog has its day, and the day of the "Devil Dog" in national big-bore marksmanship dawned in 1911 when the Marines won their first National Trophy. The second Marine win came in 1916; and in the years between 1918 and 1940 the Marines really took over, with 13 wins (1918, 1919, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1925, 1928, 1930, 1931, 1935, 1936, 1937 and 1940) out of 19 meets in a span of 22 years. (No National Matches were held in 1927, 1932, 1933, or 1934.)

It was in that period that the Marine Team of 1921 achieved the all-time high of team marksmanship, with a record never equaled anywhere in the world, before or since. That team competed in three match programs, at Wakefield, at Sea Girt, and at Camp Perry. It won 44 out of 71 events, including the National Individual and National Team Matches. Marine Gunnery Sergeant Tom Jones started the blitz at Wakefield by firing 132 consecutive 5s into the 10" A target at 300 yards. Captain Joseph Jackson, also at Wakefield, fired eight consecutive possibles—80 shots—in a 300-yard Rapid Fire match, and finally quit shooting "because he was tired working the bolt!"

That same year, at Sea Girt, the same Gunnery Sergeant Jones fired the first possible ever made in the 15-shot Libbey Match at 1100 yards—and kept right on firing for two hours and some minutes to put 68 consecutive 5s in the 36" bull's-eye for what experts called "the greatest (continued on page 47)

Fire Horse

BASKETBALL

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer



1st ProvMarBrig team. Top row (l-r): R. L. Castello, G. C. Gray, S. Eddington, I. P. Norfolk. 2nd row: W. D. Glasgow, Z. M. Watts, J. L. Samuel, W. T. Bottomly. Front row: C. E. Smith, G. Veshi, J. L. Hawkins and A. S. Parker

THEY may never win an All-Navy championship, but there is one title they've nailed down fast, and no one is likely to pry it loose. If you haven't guessed, we're writing about that high scoring, fire-horse basketball team from the First Provisional Marine Brigade.

At the end of the first half of the season they racked up 1104 points and held their opponents to a somewhat moderate 443. Breaking down that 11 game total, their game average comes to 100.3 points to an opponents 40.2. That's high totaling even if it did happen in Guam's Palm Tree League.

The Brigade Devildogs used a two team attack to pile up their 11 victories

against no defeats. So successful was the attack, that frequently the second team outscored the first. In using the modern "gang" system of play, they've held the player time-per-game down to 20 minutes per man. That's what might be called being easy on the troops.

Player-coach Lieutenant I. P. Norfolk, says the best all around floor play combination is contributed by the guards, whose great defensive ability and rebound-grabbing efficiency has been the backbone of the Brigade scoring attack.

At the guard positions we find such standouts as A. S. Parker, G. Veshi, Z. M. Watts and J. L. Samuel. Time



First Brigade takes

Guam cage title and sets

Island courts ablaze

with giddap maneuvers

and again their down-court passing attack, coupled with numerous interceptions of opponents passes, set up the scoring plays for the Devildogs.

At the center post is R. L. Castello and G. C. Gray, both setting the tempo with their hard driving aggressiveness and stamina at the forward slots. J. L. Hawkins, who was a member of last year's Guam All-Stars, and C. E. Smith form a smooth combine which has done much toward furthering the success of the team.

In six of the 11 games played, the Brigade has run up a score of 100 or more points and it holds the league high scoring record for one game. That mark was set when they routed Fleet Air Wing I, 160-28.

The following statistics show the record of the aptly nicknamed "100 Club" during the first round of its schedule:

Brigade	— 102	Marine Barracks	— 34
"	— 77	Navy Comm.	
"	— 113	Station	— 48
"	— 73	Medical Center	— 33
"	— 110	NAS Agana	— 53
"	— 160	ComMar	— 44
"	— 91	Fleet Air Wing	
"	— 124	One	— 28
"	— 114	BFM	— 51
"	— 58	1506 CBs	— 39
"	— 82	Radio Barrigada	— 39
		103 CBs	— 48
		5th Service	
		Depot	— 26
			443
		END	

WE—THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Caption 1

SALTY—Helen Orencole, of our rapidly expanding Women Marine Corps is the one and only hashmark PFC extant



No Kidding

The Chicago *Daily News* recently ran a recruiting item under this appropriate headline:

Marines Here Looking For Women

Gunner

A lady Marine who doesn't have at least one stripe for every year of service is definitely out of the ordinary.

When *Leatherneck* heard about PFC Helen Orencole USMC-W, there was a frantic scramble to get over to Headquarters, Engineering Division, to take a look. Helen was reported to be the only hash-mark PFC in the Women Marines—and very proud of it, too.

"Yeah," said the sergeant who introduced us to Miss Orencole. "She's got a PFC stripe tattooed on each arm. Ask her to show 'em to you."

Miss Orencole, a pretty girl with unruly auburn hair, bright brown eyes, and a nice smile, took this ribbing very well. "I am not tattooed," she stated firmly. "But I like being a PFC, I am an individualist."

We mentioned that it was amazing that she could have over four years service in the Corps and still remain a PFC. "Were you ever—burst?" we asked delicately.

"You mean busted?"

"Yes, Miss."

"No, I have never been a corporal. I don't wish to be a corporal."

"You want to be a PFC as long as you're in the Corps?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Orencole. "I want to be a gunner!"

We couldn't imagine a nice young woman like Helen, manning a machine gun, but we let it pass, and asked how she happened to enlist.

Helen, a native of Waterbury, Conn., comes from a family of Marines. Her father was a Marine officer in War I. Her brother Francis W. Orencole, Jr., fought and was seriously injured in War II while serving in the First Marine Air Wing. "I've always liked the Marine Corps," said Helen, simply.

"How about getting married?" we asked. "This is not a proposal, of course. . . ."

Helen shrugged. "Who knows?"

"You haven't met the right guy. Is that it?"

"Oh, yes. I met him in Waterbury."

Helen looked at us levelly. "His name was David Patrick Healy. He was the first Marine from that town to be killed in action. . . ."

Helen had been in Edgewood Park Junior College in New York at that time. She quit school to do her part in the war. She enlisted in the WRs in August, 1943, and served until December 7, 1945. After her discharge she went to college, worked in several occupations, and early in 1948 found herself running a florist shop in Detroit, Mich.—and not liking it. "So I came back into the Corps," said Helen. "I am strictly an FMM girl. 'Free the Men to Fight'."

"You mentioned that you wished to be a gunner. . . ."

"Absolutely."

"We made like a machine gun. 'Ah-ah-ah-ah, a machine gunner?'"

Miss Orencole smiled at our ignorance. "Don't you know your Marine slang? A warrant officer—you know, bursting power."

"But you'll have to make corporal won't you?"

"No. They can only force EPD on you, not corporal stripes. I'll make gunner. All I need is time. Read your manual."



SNOW JOB—Marines lay a portable highway during maneuvers at Kodiak Island. This Alaskan proving ground gives the Corps cold facts on men and equipment

Helen has never had office hours, or EPD, or any trouble, for that matter. She remains a PFC simply because she wishes to be an individualist. With a new crop of Women Marines coming in, Helen may find that PFCs are quite common—then, naturally, she will do something about it—something individualistic like jumping up to gunner.

Ex-Corporal

When a corporal leaves the Marine Corps, he usually grows sentimental, and lyrical. For instance:—

Brawny, skilled and six feet tall
They march in even stride;
Rhythm, stolid faces, timely
Seasoned, side by side.
Disciplined and stalwart; fit
They'll look on heaven's scenes;
Flowered youth of stern resolve,
UNITED STATES MARINES!

Submitted by John C. Vivian
former corporal
112 Co. 8th Reg.
3rd Prov. Brigade

Ex-corporal Vivian was governor of Colorado from 1943 to 1947.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)



SIDING—At the last public appearance of the famed Freedom Train, the Marine detachment received commendations and was disbanded after 16 months of duty

Happy Birthday

Master Sergeant Spencer P. Judkins glumly made out his muster roll. It had only one name on it—his own. He was the official one-man Marine Detachment on the island of Samoa, the NCO in charge of the Fita Fita Guard.

He remembered sadly the other Marine Corps Birthday celebrations in which he'd participated and he said: "Maybe I should bake a cake, and eat it all by myself. Wonder if the Marine Corps knows I'm still out here?"

Another master sergeant in the same fix, on another remote Pacific island, and sharing the same sentiments was Stanley A. Glogowsky. He had been detached from the Marine Barracks at the naval base at Kwajalein and sent "on temporary duty to the island of Majuro to organize and train the Marshallese Constabulary." Not that Glogowsky was bitter . . . he just felt that the Marine Corps had lost him.

On the morning of the 10th of November a plane landed at Samoa to

deliver a birthday cake to Sgt. Judkins. Sgt. Glogowsky received his cake likewise, by air, on Majuro, Marshall Islands.

The boys of FMF Pacific Headquarters were pitching a huge celebration at Pearl Harbor and decided they ought to include the one-man detachments in the party.

Sgt. Glogowsky is still alone on Majuro. Sgt. Judkins has, by this time, returned Stateside to Parris Island. Both of them have a soft spot in their hearts for the Marines who remembered the loneliest men in the Corps.

Super-Duper Marines

An anonymous muscle man is trying to make super-men out of the Marines. He advocates a long course of progressive stooping and straining to build the Marine Corps of men superior to any outfit in the world.

He goes on casually to state: "The majority of Marines you see are emaci-

ated looking humans. But progressive weight exercising could build up the personnel to physiques like Sandow or any Mr. America you may have seen. (We prefer Miss America.)

"Progressive weight exercises build one up internally as well as externally, giving the individual better digestive, elimination, respiratory, and circulatory system, which in turn will dispose of the excessive wastes of the body." (It certainly will.)

And for a clincher our unknown correspondent says: "Why doesn't the Marine Corps make it compulsory for the officers and enlisted men to participate in weight exercises."

He admits that when he was in the Marine Corps results were pretty punk. "I served a hitch in the Corps," he groans, "and did duty at various posts in the States and overseas. I tried to get the men together and start weight exercises, but to no avail. Only three or four men were interested. They were the only ones that weren't lazy and wanted to benefit themselves and try to build up the standards that the Corps always tries to claim."

That last crack requires an answer: Sir:

Put a postage stamp on your nose and address yourself to *Leatherneck* P.O. Box 1918. If you can whip the Marine who hauls our mail—a man who has never lifted a weight in his life without compulsion—I will personally lift the check for a round of beer.

An Emaciated Marine.



LONDON—Wielding knife is PFC V. Mosco, as Sailors and Marines throw a huge Xmas party for 100 needy kids



COLUMN LEFT—PFCs Thomas Miller and Carl Rohwetter (4th Mar. Reinf.), seeing the world via USMC, goggle at the ancient temple of Apollo in Corinth, Greece

Mistaken Identity

When former Marine Billy Buchanan walked into the Sportatorium in Dallas, Tex., he knew only one thing for sure: He was to fight that night in an inter-service benefit match.

"Heavyweight. Yeah. Lessee, you'll fight for the Navy in the final bout," he was told.

"Fine," said Buchanan. He had no objections to fighting for the Navy. He was a Marine Reserve from Fort Worth, but, after all, Marines are naval personnel.

The first eight matches on the card ended in a tie between the services. Navy four, opponents four. Everything depended on Marine Buchanan.

He climbed into the ring determined to win for the Navy. He hammered his opponent, Jodie Gerron, with everything but the ring-post and sustained a few contusions himself in the process. The decision was close—but Buchanan won.

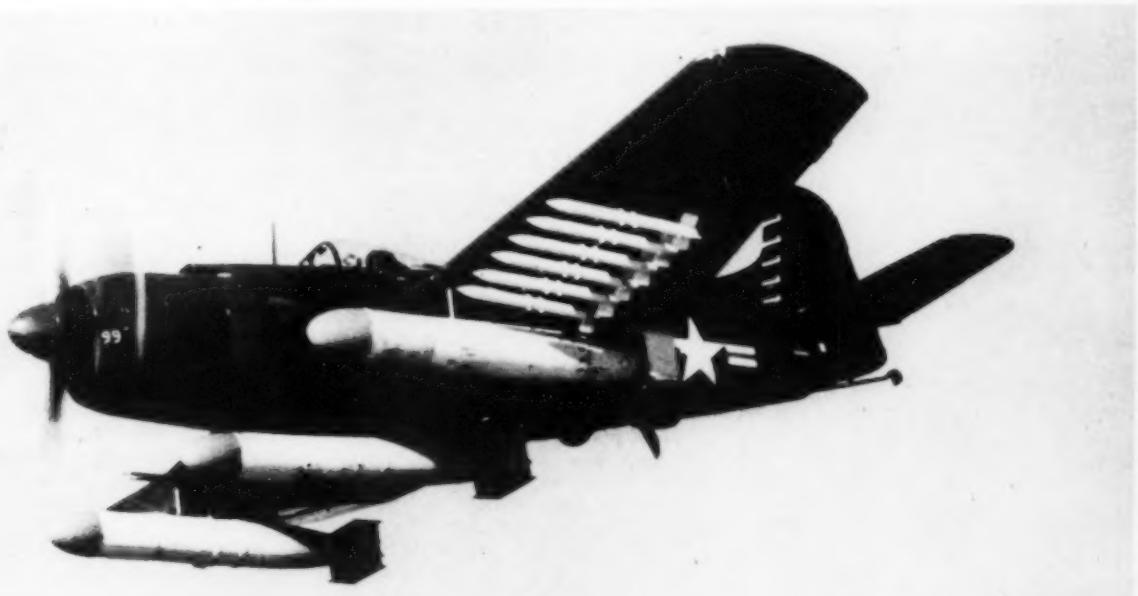
"Final team score," bellowed the referee. "Navy—the winner—five. The Marines, four!"

"Marines?" gulped Buchanan. . . .

And then he got the word—too late. He had been an extra man on the Marine team, and the Navy had been short one heavyweight. It was a simple lend-lease transaction. The battered Jodie Gerron, also Marine Reserve, was from Buchanan's home town.

"Why didn't somebody tell me," groaned Buchanan. "I thought he was an Army man!"

TURN PAGE



HEY MABEL—The Martin AM-1 Mauler, the biggest, fastest, carrier-based dive-bomber of the Navy, bears, in addition to a pay load of 6 tons, the fascinating name "Able Mabel"

Potent Mabel is a one man gal with an all-up weight of 14½ tons. Above, she carries a mere 4½ tons of destruction—torpedoes, 12 five-inch rockets, and four 20-mm. cannon



QUIZ WHIZ—PFC A. Mowery accepts a \$500 check from radio emcee Bob Hawk for a few well-chosen answers

DREAM BOAT—This is the biggest, fastest (125 mph), fanciest (\$16,500) pleasure car ever owned by a Marine

Kingdom For A Horch

Captain Louis W. Benjamin had owned several cars. Each had given him a hard time. "Get a horse," somebody advised. But the captain got a Horch instead . . . the biggest, fanciest, fastest passenger car ever owned by a Marine.

This dream automobile will do 125 mph, without pain or strain. It is comfortable as a soft cheek and a pair of loving arms. It has eight speeds forward, dual ratio gears, and it idles contentedly at sixty. The Horch has an inter-com system, air-conditioning, and a complete bar—in case the passengers in the rear seat decide to throw a party. It's the ultimate in German luxury.

In 1941 when the State Dept. took an interest in the German Embassy in Washington, D. C. they took the Horch also and kept it in storage until last year. Capt. Benjamin saw it in a display window and began to drool immediately. He wasn't allowed to get in the car, or start the motor, but he had a hunch it would run. He submitted a sealed bid to the Department

of Justice, Office of Alien Property. His bid was the highest received.

"I have a sizeable chunk of money tied up in it," the captain admits, "but actually I got it cheap. The list price on a Horch is \$16,500. Add the usual customs charges and the price goes up to \$23,500."

"Is it rough on gas?" we asked.

"I get ten miles to the gallon in town. Eighteen on the highway. It weighs over three tons."

"Not bad for an old car. . . ."

The captain bristled. "It isn't an old car. It's a 1939 model, but it has less than 10,000 miles on it. It's like a watch, a precision built instrument. It will last a lifetime."

"How about replacement parts?"

"They come with the car. Drive shafts, clutch, valves, everything."

It has an eight-cylinder in line engine. Super powerful headlights, floodlights, rear driving lights, trick signal arms, and gadgets and gizmos everywhere. The instruments are labelled in German. We understood *Wasser*, and *Oel*, but the notice on the windshield beginning *Achtung* baffled us.

"That," translated Benjamin, "means

that you have to grease the car every 60 miles."

"A nuisance, huh?"

"Not much. I'll grease it now."

He pressed a pedal on the floor-board. "It's a one-shot grease system—all you have to do is fill a cylinder with oil once in a while."

"There's only one other Horch in the country," explained Benjamin. "A man in Chicago owns it."

We said that was too bad. If the other Horch was close, they could have a Horch race.

The flags mounted on the fenders were interesting.

"I couldn't fly the Marine Corps flags—against regulations. So I fly the Confederate flag." Capt. Benjamin, a Rebel, is from Jacksonville, Florida.

"In case of a flat tire," he said, "there's a hydraulic jack built under each wheel. All you have to do is turn a gizmo under the hood and it jacks up automatically."

"Are you going to keep the car?"

"I'll sell it," said Captain Benjamin, regretfully. "It's just too much car for a Marine captain. I'm not asking much—just ten lbs. of \$20 bills!" **END**

Know Your Leaders

by Sgt. Harry Poete

Leatherneck Staff Writer



MAJOR GENERAL LEO D. HERMLE

USMC

MAJOR General Leo D. Hermle, present commanding general of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at San Diego, Calif., won his spurs in World War I at the battles of Champagne, Verdun and the Argonne Forest. New laurels were added to his record at Tarawa and Iwo Jima in World War II, first as assistant division commander of the Second Division and again as ADC of the Fifth Division at Iwo Jima.

This 58-year old Marine Corps general was born on June 30, 1890, at Hastings, Nebraska. His formal schooling was completed at the University of California, where he graduated with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of Jurisprudence. A few years later when the hovering war clouds in Europe became visible from the United States, he offered his services to the Marine Corps. A call to active duty came on August 15, 1917, and the Marines had added another professional to their ranks.

Hermle sailed for France in February, 1918, as a member of the Sixth Marines and won the Distinguished Service Cross the following November for extraordinary heroism in action near the Meuse River, France. His citation reads in part; "When the com-

pany on his left was checked by heavy machine gun fire, Lieutenant Hermle led a platoon forward and surrounded a large number of the enemy, capturing 155 prisoners and 75 machine gun positions.

"Although he was painfully wounded he refused to be evacuated and remained with his men for two days until ordered to the rear."

Following his return from the Army of Occupation in Germany in 1919, he was assigned to the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Calif., where he became legal aide to the commandant of the station. The ensuing years, until 1941, saw him engaged in routine assignments including sea duty, school and with the Garde d'Haiti. It was a less exciting profession than his war service, but good preparation for the command functions he was to assume in World War II.

In June, 1941, he was commanding officer of the Sixth Marines, and on his way to Iceland with his command. Additional duties in Iceland included chief of staff for the First Marine Brigade, Provisional, of which the Sixth Marines were a part.

Maj. Gen. Hermle returned to the States with the Sixth Marines in March, 1942, retaining his command

until August of that same year when he became ADC of the Second Division. After Tarawa he was advanced to administrative deputy of the the Fifth Amphibious Corps.

Two years later he was awarded the Navy Cross for outstanding action on Iwo Jima, as second in command of the Fifth Marine Division. This citation reads in part: "When communications with the assault combat teams were extremely difficult and vital information was needed to coordinate a resumption of the attack for the establishment of the initial beachhead, he valiantly disregarded his own safety, crossed 150 yards of open area of Motoyama Airfield Number One while it was being swept by enemy fire, visited the front line units and obtained the necessary first hand information.

"During these critical hours, his brilliant leadership, personal bravery, untiring initiative, and professional skill were an inspiration to all."

From Deputy Island Commander, Island Command, Guam, Marianas Islands, he was elevated to Island Commander in February, 1946. Five months later he was relieved and transferred back to the United States where he assumed his present command in July, 1946.

END

HMS VANGUARD IX

A Marine officer writes of his visit to a British
battleship and of her detachment of Royal Marines

by Colonel Robert Hugh Williams
USMC

RECENTLY I accepted an invitation to go aboard H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's newest battleship, and observe her Royal Marine detachment. She was alongside a dock in the Devonport Dockyard (naval shipyard) being readied for a preliminary shake-down cruise in preparation for the Royal Tour to Australia and New Zealand early this year.

This vessel is the ninth to bear the name *Vanguard*, derived from the French "Avantgarde" meaning Advance Guard. Her motto is, appropriately, "We lead."

The *Vanguard* has a displacement of some 42,000 tons. She is 820 feet long and has a beam of 108 feet. Her armament consists of eight 15-inch guns, sixteen 5.25s and many close range anti-aircraft guns with the most modern fire control and radar systems.

HMS *Vanguard* was launched by Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth on November 30, 1944, and accepted into the naval service, after her trials, on August 9, 1946. During her first commission she took the Royal Family to South Africa. After her return she paid off and was placed in Care and Maintenance status until fully commissioned again in August, 1948, for another royal tour. It should be noted here that a ship's company of the Royal Navy is formed somewhat differently from the way it is in the American Navy.

A ship is placed in full commission for about two and one half years. A crew is formed at her home port, officers assigned and a Royal Marine detachment provided. This ship's company then remains as a unit for the entire two and one half year period during which needed replacements are,



The two ranking Royal Marine non-commissioned officers aboard the HMS Vanguard were the detachment sergeant-major, Jackson, and drum-major, Beer



The Marine detachment is a carefully selected group and presents a smart appearance. Here they are being inspected by the CinC of the Home Fleet

of course, added, but normally no one is transferred from the ship to other duty. At the end of the period of commission the ship returns to her home port, the crew is paid off and go ashore as does the Royal Marine detachment and the officers. She is probably placed in a reduced commission status and turned over to the dockyard for repair and overhaul. When she is ready for service again a new captain is assigned and the whole procedure is repeated. I visited the *Vanguard* shortly after she had been placed in full commission. No one had been aboard very long and all hands were hard at it to work themselves up into an efficient and smart organization worthy to receive His Majesty the King.

Vanguard's battle honors are numerous, some of them world famous. The first *Vanguard* was commissioned in 1586 and gained the present ship's first battle honor, against the Armada 1588, when Drake and an ill wind destroyed the great fleet of Spain. She was 108 feet long. Thus the present *Vanguard* is as broad as the first was long.

The fourth *Vanguard* took part in the operations of the Seven Years War in American waters and contributed to Wolfe's great victory at Quebec. The fifth *Vanguard* was Lord Nelson's flagship at the battle of the Nile in 1798, while the eighth ship to bear the name was a unit of Admiral Jellicoe's battle fleet which defeated the German fleet at Jutland in 1916.

The Royal Marine detachment of H.M.S. *Vanguard* was formed in May of last year at Chatham Barracks where it underwent about three months pre-embarkation training. It went aboard ship in August at the time the ship was placed in full commission. It is a much larger detachment than would be found on any American battleship. In (continued on page 54)



The Royal Marines fall in at quarters for getting underway as the *Vanguard* moves cautiously among the other ships in the congested harbor at Devonport

GREEN WOLFPACK



THE five-before ten warning from the campus clock brought the cold fear back to Jim Blakesly. Time for English Literature. Forty minutes in the same room with Norris and that dog. Blakesly shuddered.

He left his Union Building room and walked hurriedly across the campus toward English Hall. When he was late it was worse. The dog would growl and wouldn't lie down until Blakesly reached his seat in the rear of the room. And as the student walked to his seat on such occasions, he would feel as if Professor Norris' blind eyes could follow him, burning his back with their fury.

He would sit down and open his notebook, not daring to look up. Then the dog would lie down again, and Norris would clear his throat.

But today Norris was late—Norris and the dog. Blakesly was in his seat when they came in. The professor placed his books on the desk and sat down. The Doberman Pinscher whined nervously and stretched out beside his master, his eyes surveying the class coldly. Norris cleared his throat and began the lecture.

"Today we conclude the discussion

of Bacon's essays. Many critics have said of Bacon that he should have practiced what he preached, but nonetheless he left us many valuable . . ."

The lecture droned on and on. Blakesly remained tense, remembering other words spoken by that same voice more than two years ago . . .

"You're not keeping the point close enough to us, Sergeant. Kurt and I are supposed to find the Japs, not fight them for you. The dog only has a nose. You have the weapons. You'll have to have your men ready to move up and cover us."

The scene was not a classroom then, and Norris' eyes had been alive and snapping with anger. The voice had not been a monotonous lecturing droll. The hoarse whisper had the timbre of a cutting whip in the pine and bamboo thickets of the Northern Okinawan hills. It told Sergeant Blakesly that Norris knew that he was afraid—a coward.

"It's our job to work the point for you. That's Kurt's business, and it's mine to handle him. But when he gets a scent you'll have to move up front with your men—that's your part of the job. Okay? Let's go."

Then it had happened. The point of

the column moving along the trail had struck a pocket of the enemy, and Blakesly had been slow with his men. Norris was wounded by a grenade. They carried him out on a stretcher. A bandage covered his face. Blakesly spoke to him.

"I'm glad I'm leaving this outfit," Norris had said bitterly. The Doberman growled defiantly, and then the stretcher bearers had carried the man away. The dog trotted ahead down the trail, staying with his handler.

"Francis Bacon," droned the lecturing voice, "was born in London on January 22, 1561. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and later with the English ambassador in France. He was admitted to the bar in 1582. That is what you should have answered to the first question of the examination—or at least something like that," Norris added with a chuckle.

The laugh sent a cold shudder through Blakesly. It seemed to mock him. He turned a page in his notebook, pretending to be taking notes, fearing that the blind eyes could see his fear.

At first it hadn't been so bad. Norris had made no indication of remembering Blakesly, and in the large class he was

seldom called upon to recite or answer questions. Had it not been for the dog perhaps the fingers of the professor, moving over the Braille of the class roster, would never have recognized the name of Blakesly as the sergeant responsible for allowing him to become trapped in the enemy ambush.

The first day Blakesly had been late, the Doberman rose, growling fiercely.

"Who is it?" Norris had asked.

"Blakesly, sir," the student answered, and a sinking sensation in his stomach had made him suddenly ill.

"All right, take your seat, please. Quiet, Kurt."

That had been the first day that Blakesly thought he could feel Norris' eyes follow him to his seat. He had slid into his chair, remembering the cold eyes that had mocked his fear on the Okinawa trail.

Even after that, however, Norris did not reveal that he remembered Blakesly. But the student was sure that he did . . .

The buzzer startled Blakesly, bring-

One man lost his eyes

but not his insight - -

the other lived in fear

ing him back to the present. Students were rustling papers and closing books. The professor lifted his voice above the noise:

"I'd like to see Mr. Blakesly here at my desk, please."

The student sank back into his chair, his fear returning. The voice above the noise in the classroom had been sharp and biting, like it had been on the jungle trail. The other students left, and Blakesly walked to the front of the room and stopped before the

desk, not daring to look into the blind eyes of the professor. The Doberman bristled and bared his teeth silently.

"Blakesly?"

"Yes, sir," the student answered, his voice little more than a whisper.

"You missed the sixth question, Blakesly," Norris began. "Otherwise your paper was pretty fair for a change. Other members of the faculty tell me you're one of the best students they have. Can't you put in a little more time on literature?"

"I . . . I'll try," Blakesly stammered.

"Now, about this sixth question," Norris' voice was continuing. "As you remember, it had to do with Bacon's essay 'Of Revenge.' "

Blakesly gripped the edge of the desk, scarcely daring to breathe.

"The main point brought out by Bacon in the essay is embodied in his quotation from Solomon, that 'it is the glory of a man to pass by an offense.' And then he continues by saying, 'that which is past is gone . . . and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters . . . Why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?'

"And, in conclusion, Bacon says it is certain 'that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well'."

Blakesly looked into the face of the professor, and Norris was smiling.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the student, and both men knew that the apology was not for missing the examination question.

"Thank you, Blakesly. And if you remember nothing else from Bacon, I wish you would keep this quotation from Pliny that appears in the essay 'Of Seditions and Troubles': 'There is a limit to suffering, but none to fear.'"

"I will, sir," Blakesly said, and a strange elation filled him with respect for the professor.

"A dog can smell fear in a human, you know," the professor said.

The student glanced quickly at the Doberman. Kurt was asleep by the desk.

END



Baby Look At You Now



by R. J. Church

THE way it is now, every time I take a gander in one of those full-length mirrors, and see myself all tricked out in ODs instead of greens, with that big "Circle-C" patch up on my shoulder, I sort of unconsciously frown and mentally murmur, "Baby, look at you now!"

The old guys in the Corps used to have a saying: "You can get a man out of the Marine Corps, but you can never get the Marine Corps out of a man."

That's what the old-timers used to tell me. The real old-timers—Dudley, Spud Murphy, Pete the Greek, Pappy Needham and of course Lou—were always saying that if you were once in the Corps, you could never quite get it out of your system.

At the time I never thought much about it, one way or the other. I just took it for granted that I was a Marine, and let it go at that.

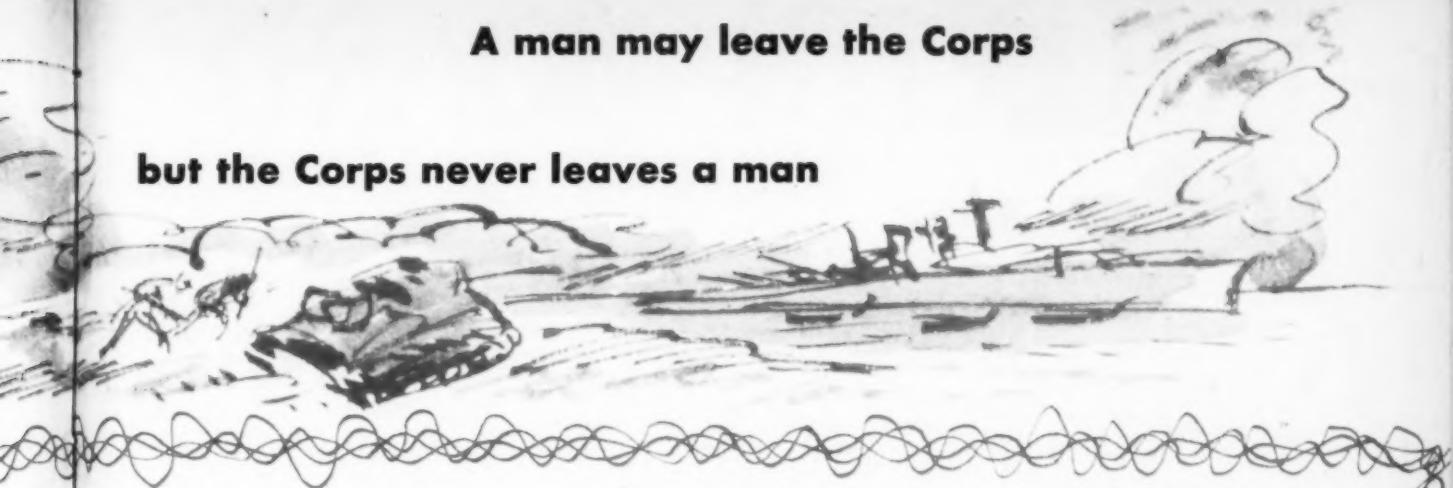
Now I think quite a bit about it. Anyhow, whenever I think about that old saying, something that could be a sigh starts at my shoe-soles and shudders its way up through my body, and I mutter "Amen, brother!"

I'm not quite alone, either. There are some other guys from the Corps who decided to try a hitch in this outfit for one reason or another. And, of course, when you run into one of them it calls for a celebration.

Like the other night. I was sitting in my favorite off-limits "gasthaus," and as usual it had more American customers than Germans, and I ran into a GI who turned out to be an "ex" like myself.

A man may leave the Corps

but the Corps never leaves a man



We'd been to a lot of the same places, naturally—P.I., Quantico, Dago, and some of the islands, too—and he knew some of the same guys I did, so we had a big time reminiscing.

As usual, it wasn't long before the question came up, "Well, why are you here?"

My answer is fairly simple. I am supposed to be some sort of a writer, and while I was in the Corps, my book about the Pacific turned out pretty good, so I thought I'd try one about the occupation in Germany. I figured the only way I could get free transportation and three years free lodging over here, was to employ the tactics I did.

But something happened; something that makes me look across at the Corps with a reproachful and slightly hurt look in my baby blue eyes. I had been here about three months, when darned if the Marine Corps didn't come ashore, both at Bremerhaven and down in the Mediterranean!

Now they've got me flanked on two sides while I sit here and stew! Fate did that business with the fickle finger again, I guess.

This other guy, Joe Bichefski was his name, had had some theory that he wanted to try out, about quicker promotions here. I didn't notice that his sleeves were overloaded with stripes, though, so I guess it didn't pan out exactly the way he'd planned, either.

Reminiscing is a thirsty business, and since there's no price barrier over here to make a guy stay thirsty—we didn't. So, before long, we'd reached the sentimental point where we were showing each other our tattoos. This

is quite an undertaking for me, especially in public, since my favorite—the globe, anchor and eagle—is on a portion of my anatomy that calls for considerable disrobing to display it.

Everyone around us seemed to get a kick out of it, and there was a lot of laughter, which was OK with us since we were in a holiday mood, too, by that time. The ice, at least our own personal ice, was not only broken, but melted and turned to steam.

THERE was a little three-piece Bavarian band playing waltzes and polkas and things, and we thought how nice it would be if they would play the Marine's Hymn for our listening pleasure, and the uplifting of everyone present.

They didn't know it, but we explained in our inadequate but vehement pidgin-German how important it was. We hummed it for them and whistled it, and plied them with cigarettes, and before long they could play it.

We walked back to our table beaming with satisfaction. Then every 15 minutes or so, we'd motion to the band, and out of the midst of all the clatter and musical confusion would come booming the proud strains "From the halls of Montezuma . . ."

Looking back, I don't suppose they played it too well. But to us, hearing those familiar notes in a gasthaus in the middle of Germany, it was beautiful—absolutely beautiful.

So that's the way it always is when a couple of formerly greenclad gallants get together. There's a lot of reminiscing, and many a drink taken across the bows, and a lot of hilarity.

But underneath all the merrymaking there's a touch of wistfulness, too. Neither of them will admit it, but they both know it's there. It's always there.

Anyway, here we are, for some time to come. Understand, personally I'm not kicking. Everything is swell. Good job. The chow is fine. Barracks are wonderful . . . used to be for German officers. I've even got a little frau to make things better. I'm seeing Europe, and I suppose sometime I'll get that book written. And of course, my natural sense of loyalty forces me to grant the fact that this branch of service is necessary, and does do a lot of good—here and there.

And there are a lot of good guys here, too. They're only hampered by the fact that they're not in the Corps.

Yep. Everything is just fine.

It's only that I seem to remember we used to have a nickname we applied to certain GIs which hinted that their physiognomy smacked slightly of the canine.

Now, whenever I get ready to shave in the morning, I approach the mirror hesitantly. Then, when I see that my facial characteristics have not changed, I breathe a sigh of relief.

So, everything is wonderful, and I'm accomplishing all the things I set out to accomplish. But when I get back to the States for discharge, I've got a strong hunch where my next hitch will be spent. And the hitch after that, and the one after that, too.

Those old guys were right . . . you can't get the Corps out of a man, once he's been in.

Believe me, brother. I know! **END**

BULLETIN BOARD

Casualty Reporting

ANY Marine activity receiving information of the death in that vicinity, but not in a naval medical activity, of a member of the Marine Corps on authorized leave, or while enroute upon change of station, or otherwise away from his command, will notify next of kin (if known), the Marine's commanding officer, and the Commandant of the Marine Corps. These steps must not be taken until verification of the death is certain. The commanding officer will then take all other appropriate actions such as submitting a certificate of death (NAVMED FORM 'N') and the initiation of an investigation, if indicated, pursuant to Chapter X, Naval Courts and Boards. The Commandant of the Marine Corps and the commanding officer of the deceased will be informed of whatever action is taken.

This memorandum also refers to the correct procedure for reporting the death of a person close to a Marine base who is on the retired list of the Marine Corps or the Marine Corps Reserve. In the event that such information is received by the commanding officer he will verify the facts of the death and submit a report giving the following information:

1. Full name, rank, and serial number.
2. Cause, date and place of death.
3. Name, relationship, and address of next of kin.
4. Whether or not next of kin has been notified.
5. Disposition that has been made or will be made of the remains.

DATES FOR RIFLE AND PISTOL MATCHES

THE tentative dates for rifle and pistol competitions during the year 1949 are as follows:

The Western Division matches will be held during the period of April 18th to April 23rd at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, Calif. The Southeastern Division matches will be held during the period from May 16th to May 21st at the Marine Barracks, Camp Lejeune, N. C. The Eastern Division competitions will be held during the period May 30th to June 4th at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.

The Pacific Division competitions have been discontinued and personnel stationed in the Pacific Ocean Area will compete in the West-

FOURTH DIVISION REUNION, '49

UNDER the direction of Colonel E. A. Pollock, the Fourth Marine Division has laid impressive plans for a bigger and better reunion in 1949. This event will take place in Washington, D. C. and will be spark-plugged by fashion shows, dances and many other entertainments. Registration will begin on June 9th at the Statler hotel in Washington, D. C. The reunion will be held from June 9, until June 11, 1949.

HAIR CUTS

OFFICERS and enlisted personnel will at all times wear their hair neatly trimmed. The hair may be clipped at the edges of the sides and back, but must be trimmed so as to present an evenly graduated appearance.

According to regulations incorporated in the new Marine Corps Manual the length of the hair must not be over three inches long.

ern Division matches with a tentative quota assignment of 60 rifle and 30 pistol competitors in addition to officers and distinguished shots. Sufficient personnel to fill the Pacific Ocean Area quota assignment will be selected by the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, and ordered to report to the Commanding General, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, Calif. They will report on or about March 15, 1949, for participation in the Western Division rifle and pistol competitions.

For information pertaining to qualifications for these matches, ask your commanding officer or post sergeant major for Marine Corps Memorandum Number 17-48.

STICK TO YOUR GUNS

[continued from page 32]

exhibition of long-range shooting in history."

As if that were not enough, the same Sea Girt meet saw Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd fire 101 consecutive bull's-eyes at 600 yards. It saw Marine Sergeant Edward F. Holzhauer score 41 straight bulls at 1200 yards. No wonder "The American Rifleman" called this "the most sensational shooting under match conditions ever recorded!"

But the blitz was not yet over. That same year, at Camp Perry, Marine First Sergeant John W. Adkins set a new record in the Wimbledon Cup Match with 75 consecutive bulls at 1000 yards—and followed that by a run of 80 in a row at 900. Marine Gunner Lloyd fired 83 straight bulls at 800 yards—only to see that record smashed in the same match by his team-mate, Sergeant Theodore B. Crawley, with 176 straight! And in 1923, also at Sea Girt Marine Sergeant Edgar J. Doyle quit firing after a run of 201 straight bulls at 500 yards.

Those targets were just too easy for Marines! So, in 1922, new targets were issued with a new ring inside the black, known as the V ring, to help decide tie scores and to give Marine marksmen something to shoot at. The V ring is still in use—a sort of perpetual memorial to that amazing Marine Corps Rifle Team of 1921.

But Marine Corps marksmanship was no one-year "flash in the pan," as is proved by the above-quoted record of 13 out of 19 National Championships. It is also proved by the imposing record of Marine Corps wins in big-name matches. The Marine Corps Cup Match has been won by Marines 15 times out of 31 firings. The President's Match has been won by Marines 17 times out of 38 firings. The Wright Memorial Grand Aggregate has been won by Marines 7 times out of 21 firings. Marines hold or have tied 12 out of the 17 National Match records open to them; and, in all National Matches, have won 168 events as against 73 wins earned by the nearest competing Service branch.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, than these individual and team victories is the average over-all improvement in Marine Corps marksmanship; the increasing percentage of marksmanship "qualification" throughout the Corps. In 1900, only 139 individual Marines in the entire Corps qualified as Marksmen or better. By 1910, 20.9 per cent of all enlisted Marines in service had Marksman or better ratings. That percentage went to 41 per cent in 1914; to 37.9 per cent in 1917; to 67 per cent in 1918.

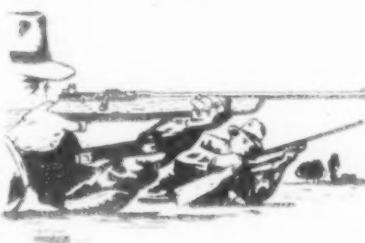
Today, 78.3 per cent officers and enlisted men out of every 100 Marines have rifle qualifications ranging from marksman to Distinguished Rifleman.

However, the seeds of marksmanship, although they found fertile soil in the Marine Corps, fared less well elsewhere. World War I proved tragically that the legend of America as "a nation of rifleman" was a myth. Witness this report concerning conditions then:

"Aside from the Regular divisions and some of the National Guard divisions, the rifle meant little more to the (volunteer and conscripted) soldier than a handle for his bayonet. Whole units went into action without instruction in marksmanship. Men were sent up as replacements who had to be shown how to load their rifles after they were in frontline trenches. General Pershing spared no words in condemning such 'training' procedures. Under the driving lash of his dispatches the Army final-

Match program. Out of it came, also, a gradually increasing official acknowledgement of, and co-operation with, NRA contributions to this program. More and more in the years between the two World Wars, the War Department, the various Ordnance Boards, and the officers in charge of training programs in the various Service branches were converted to and persuaded to support the NRA doctrine of individual marksmanship. Throughout those years, The National Rifle Association directed its efforts steadily toward six major goals:

1. The development of improved service ammunition by both commercial manufacturers and government arsenals.
2. Refinement of manufacturing processes on the Service rifle.
3. Development of improved sights and stocks for that rifle.
4. Constant improvement in the standards of rifle marksmanship, both military and civilian.
5. Development in Government arsenals of trained "key" crews around which swift expansion to capacity production would be possible under war-time demands.
6. The training of thousands of civilians as instructors to be available in case of war.



ly organized a rifle-training group for the purpose of teaching officers of the Army how to instruct recruits in the principles of rifle marksmanship . . . This group set up in business at Camp Perry. It represented the Army's first serious organized attempt to teach its officers how to instruct groups of men in the principles of individual marksmanship . . . Overlooked by most at that time were the facts that except for the activities of The National Rifle Association there would have been no National Matches, no officers with the 'know how' (learned in National Match competition) to operate such a school, no Camp Perry range for its operation."

Out of that desperation-bred beginning came, after the war, the development of Army small-arms training manuals and the inclusion of the Small Arms Training School in the National

An interesting sidelight on this program is the fact that, in every year from 1920 on, NRA members paid into the Treasury of the United States, for obsolete arms and for modern rifles and ammunition made available for sale by the then War Department, more money than Congress appropriated for the issue of free marksmanship-training equipment. Practically unique among Federal projects, the program for the development of small arms marksmanship was financially self-supporting.

World War II witnessed the accomplishment, in major part at least, of every one of those NRA aims. Ammunition was better. Refined manufacturing processes and the existence of trained key craftsmen prepared the way for mass production of military weapons. NRA criticisms and suggestions (at first resented, later proved and adopted) helped in the development of the Garand rifle with its better stocks, better sights, and increased fire power. And NRA instructors, in uniform and out, provided the nucleus for the greatest program ever developed in the history of the (continued on page 56)

by Sgt. Mickey Finn

"TIME is a wonderful mellowing agent and it doesn't only apply to wine; incidentally, George this is a very good vintage, my compliments on your judgment. Here's to your very good health."

The colonel sipped his port, settled himself more comfortably and continued, "I reported to this station exactly a year ago tomorrow and was introduced to my sergeant major, he's got about 18 years in, I think, and, besides administration, he's just about the best field man for his rank, in the Corps.

"Well, in connection with my remark about time and mellowing, I served on this same station 15 years ago. I was a first lieutenant at the time, and our sergeant major was then a private in the Guard company. I have always maintained that the man who can think clearly in any emergency is the man for me, but unfortunately, at that time I allowed my vanity to overrule my judgment. You see, George, the sergeant major made a complete fool out of me 15 years ago and it took a lot of action and soul searching to make me appreciate that he was just a little smarter than I was."

The colonel took another sip of wine and grinned at his host's puzzled expression.

"Oh, it wasn't intentional or anything personal on his part, I just happened to be officer of the day the night it happened . . . It was one of those mysteries that keep coming back to you through the years and you keep promising yourself that some day you'll solve it. Well, I finally mustered enough courage to ask the only man who knew the answer. That's right, the sergeant major himself.

"It seems that on that fateful night he had an appointment to go dancing with a young lady; well I need not remind you, George, that the footgear for enlisted men in those days was not conducive to dancing, so he decided to wear civilian shoes with his dress blues. Unfortunately he expressed his intention within hearing range of an ear-banging corporal who promptly conveyed this choice morsel to the sergeant of the guard. In those days all hands had to check out at the guard house and the sergeant of the guard would inspect them for infractions of uniform regulations. You guessed it, the S.M. was turned back for non-regulation shoes.

"He went back to his squad room, sat on his bunk and then decided that he was going out without benefit of regulation shoes. He did—right over the Evans St. Gate and any man who would do that must have been desperate. Why, it must have been a 20-

OVER THE FENCE

..... was out; and it took 15 years to discover how the AWOL sergeant got back in



foot drop. The gate has since been demolished, but believe me, getting over that gate was no task for a weakling. Meanwhile, our eager-beaver corporal had returned to the squad room to gloat over his blocking of our sergeant major's plans. He was informed that the man in question had gone. Doubling back to the guard house he discovered that the S.M. had not checked out, so he made a systematic search of the barracks and the immediate vicinity.

"When I was informed that a man had gone over the fence I made all possible checks to prevent going off half-cocked, and then ordered all sentries on posts that commanded ingress into the yard to be especially watchful. I posted extra roving patrols along all walls; in other words, no one could possibly get into the yard without my knowing of it.

"Ah, yes, I was quite the boy in those days; no one was pulling anything and getting away with it while I was officer of the day. But I was due for a rude awakening when (continued on page 55)

Nearly 200 years of know-how makes Old Gold “the Treasure of them all”

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THIS IS BERLIN

[continued from page 11]

probably more "black marketeers" than any other group—getting an opportunity to spend their marks freely in a city where everything else is severely rationed.

The champagne flows freely and by 5:00 a.m. even our guide, who had joined us from the start, has begun to have enough. Somehow he finds out that Mr. S. in our party is an American theatrical and radio talent agent . . . and our German friend is all business again.

"I hear you are an agent?" he asks as he slides into the seat next to Mr. S. And then only waiting for the "yes," he begins again. "I've got a sister. She sings like dat bird. Like dat beautiful bird. You will like to hear her, now, ya?"

He doesn't give Mr. S. a chance to reply. "My sister lives just around the corner. We will go see her now. She sings like dat beautiful bird."

Mr. S. tries to point out it is nearly dawn . . . and the German's sister might be frightened if they went to see her at this early hour.

"No, No," replies the German, "she sings like dat beautiful bird."

The conversation goes on for several minutes, but the idea is dropped because no one in the party can play a piano, and the German admits "she could not sing without a piano."

Now, however, it's time for us to leave. We ask for the check but the waiter has not computed it in the usual American fashion. He has merely lined up all the empty champagne bottles on a back table. He counts them . . . and that is our bill.

One fellow in our party got an opportunity to take the husky German barmaid home. He talked about it for days afterward. "We rounded a corner," he said, "and stopped in front of a bombed-out apartment house. What was left looked like it was about to fall any minute. She said goodnight quickly and strolled into the gloom and rubble. One minute I saw her—and the next she disappeared in the wreckage. It was like something you'd read. Something creepy and blood chilling."

The next day—it was the day before Christmas—we got an opportunity to see more of Berlin and its people. We spent nearly the entire afternoon in the vicinity of the Potsdam Plaza and along the Kurfurstenstrasse (which before World War II was known as Berlin's Fifth Avenue).

Before I had left the States, I'd stopped in at our corner drugstore and



bought a batch of lollipops and other varied candies. I'd stuffed them into my pockets before we started on our pre-Christmas look at Berlin. I was hoping my few lollipops might make the Christmas a bit brighter for a couple of Berlin kids. I won't soon forget what happened.

A young Berlin mother, dressed in an old coat with boots and a scarf wrapped around her head, came toward the corner where we were standing. She was pulling a handcart and, practically running to keep up with her, were a couple of children. One was a girl, about six, and the other a four-or five-year-old boy.

I STOPPED the tiny procession and leaning down, stuck a big bunch of lollipops in each child's hands. They looked at me . . . at first in utter disbelief. Then, they examined the lollipops again, and wide smiles broke out. By this time, a half dozen pedestrians had stopped on the sidewalk and were watching us.

The little kids looked up at me. "Dank's schoen," said the little girl. "Dank's schoen," said the little boy. And their mother said the same. Then they were off. I watched them as they moved down the street. For nearly a block I could still see them in the traffic . . . the mother pulling the little wagon and the kids looking at the lollipops in their tiny fists.

I glanced at the half dozen Berliners who had gathered to watch the scene. Some smiled, others just looked with what seemed to be disdain. "It's never hard to attract a bunch of watchers," said the sergeant. "Some of the Germans think it's nice when we're nice to the children. But there are plenty of others who will say 'there are some Americans showing off again.'"

Our GIs did their best to make the Christmas a happy one for Berlin youngsters. In addition to building toys and other gifts and doing what they could personally for youngsters they knew, the Air Force personnel at Tempelhof collected more than \$800 for a mammoth holiday party for the kids. That \$800 provided a roast beef dinner, with all the trimmings, for some 6000 Berlin youngsters.

The GI who told us about the party, had a number of interesting stories to relate. "At the end of the party we brought in big dishes of cakes and put them down in front of the kids," he said. "Cakes with icing are a real event in a Berlin kid's life. Most of them had never seen any except in a store window. So you might expect they'd grab. But they didn't. They just sat there with their hands folded on the table, staring at the cakes and waiting until they were told to start eating the cakes and drinking the cocoa. It really was something to see."

You heard a lot of similar stories about the Berlin kids. All were a bit throat tightening . . . but your friend the sergeant set you straight.

"Sure, them German kids are cute," he said. "They're real cute until they're ten years old. Then they turn into Germans."

The picture you bring back of Berlin always has children in it. Children at play amid the ruins and rubble . . . children skipping along the streets . . . children smiling and laughing. However, the rest of the people are obviously unhappy. Their faces are etched with grim lines. There are faraway looks in their eyes. And their clothes are far from warm enough in this bitter Berlin cold. Only the children are dressed to face the zero weather. It seems as if Berlin's mothers, like most mothers everywhere, have made certain their children had the best first—and they took what was left. And in Berlin there's not enough for two—in food or clothes.

There are a lot of other things you remember, too.

There are the crowded subways and trolleys. Today's Berliners could give the New Yorkers a few lessons on how to pack every available inch with human beings. The tram cars and subways operate only until 6:00 p.m. Thousands of Berliners jam the vehicles in the late afternoons. To get so many people into one tiny car seems impossible—but they do—and the cars, moving along with arms hanging out of windows and the feet of many of the riders trailing just a few inches off the streets, remind you of a huge thousand legger.



Berlin theaters are open. Though they have no heat there's usually a long line of people waiting to see the old German and American films. Billboards, outside of one downtown theater, advertised "Greta Garbo in 'Ninotschka'" as its next attraction.

The police are something to see. They direct traffic like a ballet dancer. Their arms wave and swing in graceful measures. While they're in the middle of an intersection everything seems to go along smoothly. Every now and then, a pedestrian on one of the corners will shout a question. Then the cop will leave his post and sometimes spend several minutes answering the question. Meanwhile, Berlin's traffic—at this intersection, at least—becomes an almost impossible snarl.

It goes without saying that the homes are cold. The families get only 100 pounds of coal for their winter's supply. Bob Hope described the situation best when he quipped "in California when you want to visit the deep freeze you go from the kitchen into another room. In Berlin when you want to visit the deep freeze you just stay where you are."

The Christmas season in Berlin gave you many little snapshots for memory's gallery. There were the rows of Christmas trees standing against a bomb battered wall . . . the Berliner you saw hurrying homeward in ragged coat and old army cap with a piece of green spruce sticking from his brief case . . . the "black marketeers" standing in little groups about the Potsdam Plaza . . . the prostitutes, better and more warmly dressed than the other Berlin women, strolling along the Kurfurstendamm . . . the seriousness of the U. S. Army doctor as he said, "We figure that six out of every ten women in Berlin have venereal disease." . . .

Then, too, there was the noticeable absence of young men on Berlin's streets . . . there were many children, lots of young women and older folks . . . but young men were a distinct minority.

It was something, too, to see Berliners grabbing for cigarettes you tossed away . . . and to visit a store, built on the first floor of a bombed out building, where business was carried on with the light of a single electric bulb and a half dozen candles . . . the counters and shelves carried many yards of dress and suit materials . . . but it took plenty of money to buy.

Before we swung back to Tempelhof

and our return trip on the Air Lift to Wiesbaden, the sergeant took us to visit his German girl friend. She was working in the office of a pen factory which he told me employs some 50 Germans . . . and seems to get busier every day. The girl was small and looked 16 instead of her rightful age of 23. While we talked, her brother, who had served in Hitler's army and had been a prisoner in Russia, came out to say hello. Just before we left, the sergeant and his girl discussed their plans for the evening.

"Let's go up to the airmen's club," he said.

"You promised to take me to the movies," she said.

"I did?" he asked.

"Yes, you said we could see that new Bob Hope picture. Something about paleface."

So it was decided.

On the way back the sergeant and I talked about German girls. They were available, he said, lots of them. But a U. S. GI had to be careful about his selection. "Too much VD around," he explained.

We swung through the gates at Tempelhof, past the row on row of beautiful offices and out to the line where our Air Lift planes were being unloaded. We quickly found one that was about ready to take off for Wiesbaden.

I said "goodbye" and "thanks" to the sergeant . . . and climbed up forward as we taxied out for the take-off.

In a couple of minutes, Berlin was beneath us. I pressed my face against the Skymaster's tiny window and looked downward.

There, spread out in the drab winter air, were the snow-clad living remnants of a city once world wide in fame and power . . . here, not so long ago, Hitler's Legions paraded on their return from the conquests of nearly all of Europe . . . here more than four million hearts beat quick with pride and hope . . . here was to be the capital of a new world civilization for a thousand years to come . . . but here, now, as you looked down were nothing but ruins and desolation . . . and hunger . . . bitter cold . . . and gnawing fear.

You glanced at the pilot as he pushed the plane upward. "That's really something, isn't it?" he asked pointing Berlin-ward. "We really did a damn fine job, didn't we?"

You had to admit he was right.

He turned toward you again. "Berlin is sure a mess. But . . . everytime I see it . . . I have to remind myself that it was all done with obsolete weapons."

The roar of the four motors climbing upward drowned out your thoughts.

END

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(See page 64 for order form)

LUNAR OR LATER

[continued from page 25]

with women. Sometimes I have to laugh when I think of what a fool I made of myself. Eustace says I'm right.

Yours truly,

Miss Imogene Bagg

Dear sweetheart, honey-babe:

We don't get the word up here very fast. It's the security regulations, I guess. We had an awful scare the other day. The rocket gang sounded condition red and our blood ran cold for several minutes.

and several boys with blow torches are trying to cut her loose. The hips you know. Some of the guys wish it was like it used to be in the old days back in 1950 when the Women Marines were pretty, but I don't. I love you Imogene. There's talk about us being transferred back to Johnston Island and I'm praying we'll get the break. And listen, I haven't stolen anything. All the supplies are right here. We are all Prisoners at Large but I'm sure this will blow over as soon as we explain to Congress about the weight.

Please say you love me, too.

As ever,

Your loving Hunk.



We watched the video screens as these strange and horrible creatures came across the craters toward us. But it wasn't (censored) animals or Russians or anything. (You'll die when I tell you this.) It was a detachment of Female Marines sent up here to relieve us of our office work. FMF girls. (Free the Men to Fight.)

After seeing my replacement, a staff sergeant, I love you twice as much Imogene, although she is twice as big. Don't believe everything you read in the damn newspapers.

The first thing the women did when they got here was weigh themselves. I guess they volunteered when they found out they'd lose a lot of weight on the (censored). They still weigh quite a bit. One of them is fast in escape hatch #3

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Sealed with a great big wonderful kiss.

P.S. Don't you believe anything that dog face tells you. They'll promise anything.

PFC Hulbert Stoops, USMC

Camp Cow-Jump

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Forwarded to Portsmouth
Naval Prison

Sir:

I must ask you not to correspond further with my wife, the former Miss Imogene Bagg, and now Mrs. Eustace Hardwick.

Sincerely yours,

Eustace Hardwick

former Brig. General
U. S. Army

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

LOOKING FOR A MARINE

Sirs:

Can you help me to find a needle in a haystack?

During the Christmas snowstorm last year I fell and tore the ligaments of a previously broken hip. I could not move without firm support.

I had gone to Tom's River, N. J., near Lakewood, for Xmas and had a room in an inn which did not serve meals. Therefore, before New Year's I made an effort to get back to New York where I could at least get fed. I succeeded in getting to the street only to learn that there would not be another train until night and that the busses were not running. It was suggested that from Lakewood (a winter resort) there would be trains. The upshot of it was that I shared a taxi with a Marine to Lakewood, and from that point on he helped me to get to New York and into a taxicab headed for my hotel. He gave me his name and address, which was written on a scrap in my pocketbook . . . Now that is lost, at least it is, put away so well that I can't find it.

I do not know his name, nor his address, but his home is a very small place near Tom's River. In order to get to New York that evening I think he had walked to Tom's River. I'd like to send him a book for being so helpful and courteous to me, but don't know how to reach him.

I ask that you publish this in the magazine that by chance he may see it and contact me.

Helene R. Evans

129 East 52nd St.,
New York 22, N. Y.



THE FORGOTTEN CORPORAL

Sirs:

I have been reading Sound Off for several years and have finally decided to sound off myself. My gripe is—fellows who are promoted to sergeant in two years, whereas other men have to wait as long as seven years.

My husband joined the Marines in 1942, went overseas from boot camp, has taken one MCI course and is finishing another. Everytime he takes a test for a rate, he passes with flying colors. BUT when rates come from Washington, it's always the same story—"No rate for your spec number!!" His company commander has sent in three recommendations for a sergeant's rate, but to no avail.

Is this fair?

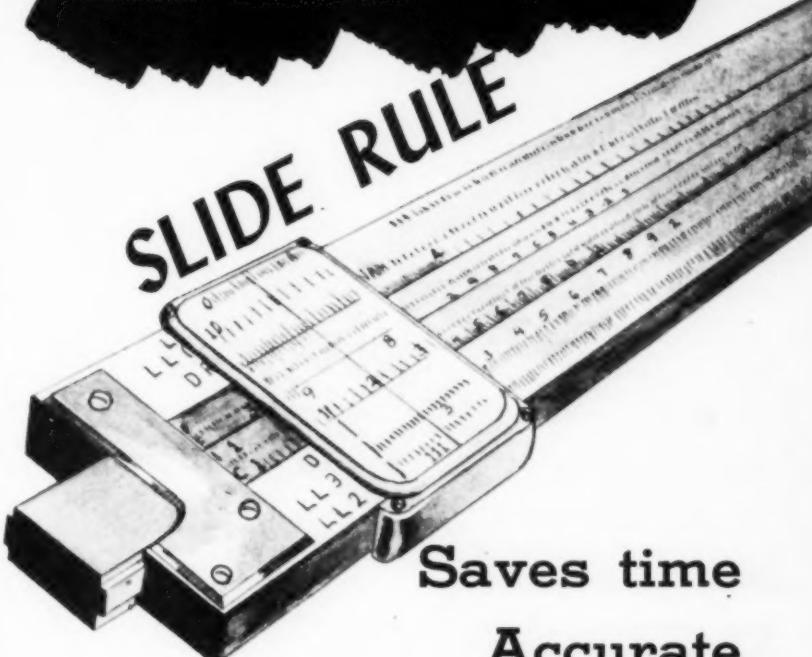
A Disgusted Wife

Vallejo, Calif.

(continued on page 55)

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HMS VANGUARD IX

[continued from page 41]

general, the duties of Royal Marines on board one of His Majesty's ships are similar to those of a U.S. Marine detachment. However, there are some differences.

The *Vanguard's* detachment consists of 250 men including a 50-piece band. In the Royal Navy, ships bands are provided by the Royal Marines. The detachment proper is therefore actually 200 strong. It is commanded by a major and has three other officers, a captain and two lieutenants. The non-commissioned officers include the detachment sergeant major, a colour sergeant who performs quartermaster duties, 14 sergeants and 20 corporals. The band is composed of a drum major, five band sergeants and 14 buglers; the remaining personnel are musicians. It is in charge of a director of music who has the rank of major.

The Marines man one twin 15" turret, two twin 5.25 turrets and one Bofors 40-mm. battery. U.S. Marine detachments do not, as a rule, have anything to do with the main battery whereas it is customary for Royal Marines to man part of it. Royal Marines wear blues altogether on board except in the tropics. Not, of course, dress blues for ordinary daily duty—but still blues. They wear a blue jacket similar to our green jacket and with it a blue cap with a red band, or a blue beret. Their trousers are the same dark blue color as the coat or jacket, and all ranks wear a very thin red stripe or piping down the outer seams of the trousers.

Vanguard's detachment is a carefully selected group, presenting a very smart appearance. The nature of the duty for which they were formed would have included many ceremonies and the rendering of honors under the eye of His Majesty the King. The King was a regular officer in the Royal Navy for some years and is quite familiar with the performance of ship board duties.

Since my visit to H.M.S. *Vanguard* the King has unfortunately been taken ill and the Royal Tour has been cancelled. The Admiralty's decision to include H.M.S. *Vanguard* in the Mediterranean Fleet has brought a reduction in the Royal Marine detachment since their duties will no longer be of a ceremonial nature. Now the Marines will be engrossed in doing their part to make the ninth *Vanguard* an efficient fighting unit of the fleet, worthy of the battle honors she wears; those won by the famous ships of the past which have borne her name.

END

OVER THE FENCE

[continued from page 48]

I was informed the next morning at reveille that the missing man was in his bunk; that he had not come through any gate or over any wall; that his clothes were dry, which precluded any possibility that he might have swum across the river. All of my precautions had been in vain. I was furious. All gate sentries and especially roving patrols were questioned at length. I threatened them with everything in the book, including burning at the stake. No dice.

"I was convinced that he had not come in through a gate or over a wall; ergo; he had not been out. But he had. This was the incident which worried me for years.

"There was nothing I could charge the man with. He was without a doubt one of the best Marines in the yard. I confess that I went out of my way to catch him doping off—not a chance. He went on and up, even made commissioned warrant during the war, as a matter of fact I think you were here George, when he reverted."

The exec nodded his head and then leaned forward, "But tell me, how in the world did he do it," he asked.

The colonel smiled and continued, "I had to wait 15 years to find out. You're lucky, you only waited half an hour. The sergeant major told me that before he came into the Corps he had worked for a while as a deck hand on one of the tugs that haul the garbage scows up the river to the municipal dump. He started to come over the fence that night right alongside the officers gate over on post five. The sentry there told him not to set foot in the yard, even advised him to take off for Philly and turn in there before reveille and to plead amnesia or something. Well, anyway, he began to realize that getting into this yard was going to be harder than getting out.

"He grabbed a trolley car and high tailed it down to the wharf where the tugs used to tie up between trips. There he met an old friend who was skipping one of the tugs and talked him into making a close run as he went past post 11 in the yard. He hopped off and made his way carefully back to the barracks and hit the sack."

"But what about the sentry on post 11?" asked the exec.

The colonel smiled, "I had neglected to inform or instruct anyone but the gate sentries and the roving patrols about the sergeant major's little escapade—and too the sentry concerned owed him 20 dollars."

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 53]

FIRST MARINE MOVIEMAN

Sirs:

I write to call your attention to several inaccurate statements and an oversight or two in an article entitled "Corps Movie-men" in your January, 1949, issue.

To begin with (CWO John Rogers—Ed) was not the "first" nor "only" movie cameraman in the Marine Corps. To my knowledge Faustin Wirkus and Bob Landry had both operated cameras for the Marine Corps years before my enlistment.

On page 37, your magazine states that "Rogers and a buddy obtained a 16-mm camera, etc." To clarify the matter, the "buddy" was First Lieutenant Wallace M. Nelson—not LtCol. Nelson, and the experiments, were a result of a study he had submitted to Headquarters, MC., with a view of obtaining an allowance for an experimental film. As a result of Col. Nelson's report, Headquarters, MC. initiated what later became the Photographic Service. To Col. Nelson's foresight and ability the Photographic Service owes its existence.

An oversight in general was the fact that Lieutenant Henry H. Anglin is officer in charge of the West Coast Unit and it would probably interest your readers to know that Lieut. Anglin was Marine photographic officer at both Bikini Atom Bomb Tests and later at the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd's last expedition. The latter expedition's film has been released with the title "Secret Land."



Further, though I know that space denies you the opportunity, many officers and men during and after the war who did so much to further the efforts of Marine Photography have been relegated to anonymity. This has been the policy of the Photographic Service as applied to Motion Pictures for the very good reason that so many men and so many skills are involved in the production of one Marine Corps film that no one man can deserve credit. As in every other successful movie activity it is teamwork that wins.

Thanks for the introduction to the Marine Corps. Next time we show up on a job perhaps the blank stares and amazed questions won't be so hard to take.

John D. Rogers
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Calif.

• Thank you for elaborating on our story, "Corps Movie-men," in the January Leatherneck, and for the corrections giving credit to other motion picture men of the Marines—Ed.

END

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STICK TO YOUR GUNS

[continued from page 47]

world for the training of recruits in marksmanship with all weapons. NRA clubs in every state in the Union provided free instruction and free shooting facilities for the training in rifle marksmanship of boys and men before induction. With the result that aimed fire in World War II attained a peak of efficiency, still too low but still higher than any ever before achieved in combat.

Less important certainly than fire efficiency in any single war, but perhaps more important even than that in the future safety of the nation, is The National Rifle Association's unceasing battle against legislation that would result in the abolition of private ownership of arms. Every year such laws are presented, in state legislatures or before our national Houses, and every year the NRA rallies its membership and its power to their defeat.

Many of these proposed laws seem innocent enough on first appraisal. "Registration of firearms doesn't mean abolition of firearms; it is merely a tool toward law enforcement!" But registration of firearms would create a checklist from which ill-intentioned powers

in government could (and, in Europe, did) find and confiscate all privately owned weapons; and firearms registration never yet prevented a crime or enforced a law.

Witness the failure of the Sullivan Law in New York City to prevent crime or to catch criminals . . . "Taxation of firearms doesn't mean prohibition of firearms; it would merely provide a source of needed revenue!" But taxation of arms opens the door to increased taxation which could (and, in England, did) prevent private ownership of firearms except by the rich—with the result that, as in England, America could find herself destitute of arms when arms were desperately needed against an armed aggressor.

Somebody, somewhere, by any means possible, wants your guns! The National Rifle Association provides the first line of defense against that theft of one of your constitutional freedoms. The National Rifle Association at the same time provides an intensive program of promotion and development of the creed of individual marksmanship which has been, and may be again, our prime weapon against our national enemies, whether those enemies be airborne troopers from across the sea or air-brained traitors from across the street!

Stick to your guns!

END



Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Edward Kolars, Haddam, Kan., to hear from anyone who was in Company "A", "B", or "C" of the 5th Pioneer Battalion, especially former Lieutenant A. J. Mott.

* * *

Jimmie (Leon the Great) Davis, 217 Lincoln St., Johnstown, Pa., to hear from any former members of 3rd Medical Company, Ninth, or any Twenty-first Marines, who remember him.

* * *

Mr. Jim Kasee, 5306 Ralston Ave., Norwood 21, Ohio, to hear from Donald Bruce Mass, formerly in the 1st Battalion, Fifth Marines.

* * *

Milton E. Hickey, 278 Passaic Ave., Hasbrouck Hgts., N. J., to hear from O. C. Wilson, Robert White, J. T. Heuth, or PISgt. Robinson, who later became a lieutenant at Camp Pendleton.

* * *

Charles L. Davis, Jr., 1220 N. 7th St., Vandalia, Ill., to hear from Arnold L., and La Mar Chenney, brothers who were formerly attached to the Sixth Base Depot.

* * *

Corp. Jim Cowdrey, MP Company, MB, Saipan, M. I., Navy #3245, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from PFC "Tut" Humphrey and PFC Dick Long, last known to be at MCAS, Miramar, San Diego, Calif.

* * *

PFC Clair E. Helmen, H&S Company, First Marine Division, FMF, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to locate someone who has a photograph of the late Private Robert H. Bowman in uniform, for his parents.

* * *

Charles C. Ellett, Box #152, Belzoni, Miss., to hear from C. N. Lockhart, of Waco, Tex., and PISgt. "Dude" Armstrong, formerly attached to "A" Battery, 18th AA Battalion.

* * *

George R. Cheever, LA County Forestry Camp #2, Glendale 5, Calif., concerning the present whereabouts of Robert Swearinger, last known to have been at Pearl Harbor and Jack Stinchfield, sea going.

* * *

Coy A. Shue, 704 East 36th St., Charlotte, N. C., to hear from Carthal (Jimmie) B. Payne, formerly with HqCo., 1st Battalion Twenty-Third Marines, Fourth Division.

V. Burrescia, 214 East Adams Blvd., Los Angeles 11, Calif., to hear from ex-Sergeant Calvin S. Fluit, and ex-Corporal Walter S. Gralewski.

* * *

Joseph Jessee, c/o Sol Vinik Lumber and Supply Co., PO Box #33, Stelton, N. J., to hear from an ex-First Division Marine, Leslie Teed.

* * *

Corp. James G. Roersma, ComPlat., H&S Bn., FMF, WesPac, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from an old buddy last known to be in Japan, Robert Leech, whose home is thought to be in Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

Ex-Corp. John E. Polis, 4329 West 170th St., Lawndale, Calif., to contact James Sullivan, formerly with the Division Post Office, First Marine Division, and discharged in May, 1946. His home is thought to be in St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

PFC John C. F. Heath, Co. E, 2nd Bn., Sixteenth Marines, Second Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, to hear from PFC Alvin Jacobson, formerly with Co. A, 2nd Pioneer Bn., Second Marine Division, FMF.

* * *

Claude H. Walker, Northland Veteran's Court, Apt. A-3, College Drive, Ashland, Wis., to hear from Robert Oliver, Frank Cisler and Lieutenant Earl Izard.

* * *

Corp. Frederick D. Schaub, Marine Detachment, USND Bks., Portsmouth, N. H., to hear from buddies he served with aboard the USS *General M. M. Patrick* (AP150) in 1944-45.

* * *

Harold L. Gilbert, Lynch Hotel #18, Lynch, Ky., to hear from old friends he served with in the Marine Corps and aboard the USS *Mississippi*.

* * *

George C. Whittington, PO Box 764, Lake Providence, La., to hear from Sgt. Padgett, or any other buddies from Co. A, 5th Pioneer Bn., Fifth Marine Division while in Nagasaki, Japan.

* * *

Frank W. Olazewski, 1137 Fifth Ave., New Kensington, Pa., would like to hear from old friends from the Parachute Training School, Camp Gillespie, San Diego, Calif.

* * *

Pasquale J. Salerno, 639 W. Christopher St., Orange N. J., to hear from buddies formerly in Company H, Twenty-Third Marines, Company H, Twenty-Fifth Marines, or at the Marine Barracks, Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, Va.

* * *

Mildred Gilson, 3138 S. Clarkson, Englewood, Colo., concerning the present address of Sergeant Harold M. Behan, formerly at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. His home was in Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Mrs. Virginia Mattson, Route #2, Clayton, Wis., to hear from Glen W. Ryan, S/2c, a friend of her late husband who was killed on Saipan while serving with the Second Marine Division. Ryan was last known to be aboard the USS *Daly*.

Technical Sergeant G. N. Caudle, VMR-153, Air FMF, WesPac, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from an old buddy T/Sgt. Russell B. Dunn, last known to be with SMS-51, MCAS, Mojave, Calif.

* * *

Donald J. Ballau, 1000 Bay Street, Taunton, Mass. (formerly with the 145th CB's), to hear from, or about, a Marine he met in the 29th Repl. Draft on Baniki Island, Russell Island, prior to joining the First Division for the Okinawa campaign.

* * *

Sgt. George T. Anderton, Jr., AES-41, A&R, USMCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., to hear from buddies who came through boot camp with him in Platoon 176 in April, 1945.

* * *

Bill Pfeiffer, 831 Raine St., Scranton, Pa., to hear from James Phillippe, L. F. Pelky, Loeis Peck, V. K. Wallace, and other buddies from the Fourth Division who were at Iwo Jima.

* * *

Israel Miller, 440 Fitzgerald St., Philadelphia 48, Pa., to hear from Gunnery Sergeant John Hopper, or anyone who served with him while in the Marine Corps.

* * *

Edward Barna, Route #1, Rockford, Ohio, to hear from a former first class petty officer Wave, Katherine Shields, formerly attached to the Main Navy Bldg., in Washington, D. C.

Ex-Corporal Ralph J. Green, 121 E. 3rd St., Litchfield, Ill., to hear from men who were in Platoon 1112 (1942) San Diego, Calif.

* * *

John A. Collins, 9103-215th St., Queens Village, N. Y., to hear from any of the Marines who served in the Guard Detachment at Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., between June, 1942 and September, 1944; who are interested in having a reunion.

* * *

James N. Davis, 961 East Liberty Ave., Mount Dora, Fla., to hear from Sgt. Annette Reiter, USMCWR, formerly in Company M at Henderson Hall, Arlington, Va., PFC Howard Tyus, formerly with Company A, First Division in Tangku, China, PFC William Crowell (same address), PFC L. H. Graves, or any of the other fellows who were in A Company from January through August 1946, in China; and those from Platoon 538 at Parris Island in 1944.

* * *

Ralph M. Harper, Needles, Calif., to hear from John "One Brew" Kesler.

* * *

Earl H. Williams, 606 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va., to hear from buddies who served with the Marine Detachment aboard the USS *Franklin*, or "B" Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-seventh Marines, and "F" Company, 2nd Battalion, Second Marines.

(continued on page 59)

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Why does the lad who's not quite nine,
Wash out his ears until they shine?
No doubt you all recall the sign,

—It's Love.

What makes the boy just twelve years old,
Rush off to school without a cold?
I'm sure that you need not be told,

—It's Love.

Let's take the youth of eighteen years,
What makes him blush between his ears;
Each time a gal sublime appears?

—It's Love.

And there's the man who works all day,
What makes him dance the night away?
He sweats too much to call it play,

—It's Love.

What makes a man rhyme moon with spoon,
Or give out with a would-be tune?
I'm sure that you will find out soon—

—It's Love.

And what keeps *ME* awake at night,
Has made *ME* lose *MY* appetite?
I'll tell you now to keep things right—

—It's Ulcers.

—T/Sgt. "Uncle Joe" Sage



PELELIU ISLAND

On the wide Pacific's bosom,
Broad Pacific, clear and blue,
Lies that mighty coral stanchion,
Lies the Isle of Peleliu.

Fester hell-hole of creation,
Carved by wind, and rain, and sea,
Sprawling on the calm Pacific,
Sprawling there malignantly.

Habitat of gooks and monkeys,
Spiders, ants, and peaky gnats,
Flies, mosquitoes, snakes, and lizards,
Giant crabs, and jungle bats.

IT'S LOVE

Here we landed, in September, Nineteen-hundred, forty-four, Landed on that stinking coral, Landed right at Hell's front door.

'Neath a tropic sun, so torrid, Some survived, though others fell, Beaten by that sweltering sun-light, Hotter than the gates of Hell.



Here we toil, sweat, and struggle, Soulless men on plodding feet, Endless day of ceaseless bondage, Tortured nights of blistering heat.

Till the day when we no longer Bear the crosses of before, And the trumpet calls us Heav'nward, Homeward bound to slave no more.

We all know we have no worries, When death, for us, rings the knell, All of us will go to Heaven, We've done served our cruise 'in Hell.

When our Maker calls the muster, At that air base in the blue, He'll have first-class reservations, For Marines from Peleliu.

—Sgt. Bill Carnes, USMCR

COCONUTS

Speak not to us of coconuts, We hold too much ag'in 'em, For coconuts, to us—they stink! E'en though there's raisins in 'em— A few sad recollections, here Recalled might prove worth while, For life's a painful burden, once You forget how to smile.

High-up, beneath their fronded crest, On stems as tough as jute, A coconut palm bears it's young. That egg-shaped, cocooned fruit. Some singly, some in clusters, Each encased in tough, thick hulls,

And when a comrade hollered "DUCK", He didn't mean "Sea Gulls"!

A polished service mirror, hung Upon a gnarled and wrinkled trunk, A helmet full of water, soap And razor, then—kerplunk! Then lights go out,—but shortly You awaken, with a start, Your buddies 'round you gathered, To present your Purple Heart.

Then, that caricatured carving, Bucktoothed, fat-jowelled, lifeless head, That some laugh-provoking comrade slipped Into your downy bed, Quite some feeling,—you remember? Sorts' chilling,—only more so, When your sleep-befuddled fingers, Found that head without a torso!

Another time—'vass you dare "Sharlie", Up the island a way, When we spent the evening fishing PX beer from out the bay? A princely store at last we salvaged, Then unlaxed to have a drink. The wind came up, the nuts came down, And coconuts, to us,—they stink!

—Arthur H. Dye



PACIFIC PARTING

To Al, the dreamer, I said goodbye, In the sands where he and the others lie; Stopped there while the sea-gulls wheeled Against the sunset; out on the field Our plane was loading. So I came, Among the crosses found his name, With sand rubbed the dog-tag name-plate bright, Till the brass turned gold in warm twilight; Turned then, put on my cap to shield Eyes that were blurring; out on the field Stood the plane to take me home.

—W. R. Bell

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 57]

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person desiring information concerning the death of the last named person.

Mrs. Joseph Bargnesi, 291 Colman St., New London, Conn., concerning the death of her brother, Private Aldo L. Sorcinnelli, Company C, Twenty-fourth Marines, killed on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Mrs. C. L. Powers, 1121 S. Milwaukee St., Jackson, Mich., a Gold Star Mother who lost a son on Iwo Jima, to hear from any Marine who cares to write to her.

* * *

Mr. John M. Ryan, 622 E. Oak Street, Hillsboro, Ore., to hear from friends of his son, Sergeant Martin J. Ryan, Sixth Marine Regiment, killed on Saipan; and to let them know that the name of the Washington County VFW Post has been changed to Sgt. Martin J. Ryan Post, in honor of his late son.

* * *

Mrs. J. Pomerantz, 215 Osborn St., Brooklyn, N. Y., concerning the death of her brother, PFC Charles Blair, "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-second Marines, killed on Eniwetok Atoll, February 18, 1944.

* * *

Mrs. Anna Fufidio, 667 Casanova St., Bronx 59, N. Y., to hear from anyone who knew her late son, Corp. Walter J. Fufidio, H&S Btry., 2nd Battalion, Thirteenth Marines, but serving as a volunteer with a rifle company in the 3rd Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines, when he was fatally wounded on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Mrs. Ruby Hanson, Route #2, Rigby, Idaho, to hear from anyone who knew her nephew, Lewis J. Smith, "E" Company, Twenty-seventh Marines, Fifth Division, killed on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Mrs. C. V. Stewart, Quemada, Tex., concerning the death of her son, PFC Charles V. Stewart (known to friends as "Stew"), Company B, First Marines, First Division, killed in action on Peleliu.

* * *

Mr. L. J. Burner, Woodstock, Va., concerning the death of his son, PFC Joseph L. Burner, Company A, Sixth Marines, Second Division, killed in action on Saipan.

* * *

Mrs. Rosie Conci, 964-D Thaw Way, Alameda, Calif., concerning the death of her son, PFC Charles J. Conci, Company E, Twenty-fourth Marines, Fourth Division, killed in action on Iwo Jima.

* * *

Mrs. A. Cauallora, 163 Mill St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., concerning the death of her brother, Pvt. Gerard Butland, 1st Battalion, First Marine Regiment, First Division, killed in action on Guadalcanal.

END

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"Someone has been taking sardines from the chow hall but I am sure that none of this platoon is involved . . ."

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IT was by a quirk of fate—failure to obtain adequate and fast transportation to Pearl Harbor—that we missed out completely in hearing about another Marine football aggregation during the hullabaloo that accompanied the All-Navy semi-final play-offs last Fall.

The First Marines, out of Tsingtao, China, came up with a high powered eleven which walked off with top honors in their league by winning six games and tying one during the regular season play. Later, in the first section of the Far Eastern play-offs, they slipped by Guam by a squeaking score of 2-0; then wrapped up the title the following week by knocking over ComNavPhilippines 40-6.

Both games were played at Race Course No. 1, in Tsingtao. These two late season games gave them a season's record of eight wins, no losses and one tie.

They were supposed to play the winner of the Pearl Harbor play-offs, but the aforementioned transportation difficulties arose and allowed Pearl Harbor to walk into their game with San Diego's Marine Corps Recruit Depot.

The team was coached by Second Lieutenant William Hickman at the start of the season and when he was detached early in the schedule, Major Stimson took over, aided by Lieutenants League and Stephenson. The latter reported late, having participated with the League's all-star baseball team in the play-offs at Pearl Harbor. In addition to his coaching duties, Lieut. Stephenson managed to see some duty at the center position.

The First Marines' initial victim was the Third Marines. The First won that one in a hard, driving rainstorm, 7-0. The teams were evenly matched throughout the contest, and the First had to resort to a daring play for that kind of weather. It involved a fake line buck, a backward pass to end Halliwell who then tossed a long forward pass to Diets who was downed on the one-foot line. It then took Diets two line plays to bull it over. Lanehart booted the seventh point.

The second victory was at the expense of H&S Battalion by the score of 12-6. The first three quarters belonged solely to the First. They scored in the opening minutes of play on a pass from Kornegger to Halliwell, who caught it in the open and went all the way. In the third quarter they managed to get their ground attack working, buling the oval across—then they proceeded to miss the conver-

FORGOTTEN FOOTBALLERS

First Marines win Far East grid

title but miss the boat to All-Navy finals



Far East Champs—Tsingtao's First Marines. 1st row (L-R): Assistant Coach, Lieut. League; Goezzer; Minichelle; McMorris; Argusy; Anderson; Zine; Raum; Co-Captain Pichon; Maile; Lieut. Hickman, Coach. 2nd row: Halliwell; Brown; Eggers; Fowler; Spencer; McCandless; Helmlock; Chimer; Kornegger; Commers; Sharp; Roberts. 3rd row (L-R): Cooke; Brown; Durfey; Jones; Passi; Rhodes; Lanehart; Compton; Helminger; Brown; Barton; Dierksen; Co-Captain Diets; Giacolore

sion for the second straight time.

The USS *Estes* was the third team that laid their noggins on the block and had it chopped off to the tune of 14-0. This was another game that was played in a continuous drizzle and made ball handling a hazardous chore. Dierksen tallied for the Marines early in the first quarter and Lanehart kicked the point. The second score came late in the last quarter on a blocked *Estes* punt recovered by the Leathernecks. Passi tossed an aerial to Compton who was waiting in the end zone. Lanehart made it two in a row in the kicking department for the 14th point.

Port Facilities became number four in the First's win column by bowing 19-6 in a closely contested game that

belied the score. They outcharged the First during the initial half and their passing attack took them deep into Marine territory on numerous occasions, but costly fumbles undid everything they accomplished. One such miscue gave the Marines their opening score. After recovering the fumble, Dierksen uncorked a long aerial to Commers who took it in the end zone. In the third quarter the Marines took charge on the ground, pushed the pigskin down to the Port's 4-yard line where Diets plunged over for the second tally. Late in the same quarter Compton grabbed a stray Port pass on his own 40 and took it all the way back. Lanehart converted on the last two attempts.

AirFMFWestPac was the only stumbling block the First encountered during the season. It ended in a tie, 0-0; but it was almost a loss for the ground troops. Diets, Dierksen and Compton were the offensive stars, but the rugged line deserves a high mark for stopping the Fly-fly boys on four attempts from the 2-yard line. Three line bucks and a fourth down pass were bottled up by the lads in front.



The gravel-chompers resumed their winning ways the following week when they wrapped up the USS *Roosevelt*, 20-0. This game introduced Lanehart into the scoring column for something other than points after TDs. He bulled over the first score and booted the conversion. Compton scored the second touchdown when the ground attack rolled on downfield in the third quarter. Lanehart kicked another over the cross-bars. Then, in the same stanza Kornegger lugged it over again, their power attack still refusing to be bottled up. The attempted kick was blocked.

The sixth and final win of the regularly scheduled games came when the First rolled over the USS *Repose* 26-0. Two long runs were the feature of this contest. Dierksen took a punt on his own 49-yard line and went all the way down the sidelines for a score. Following this, Lanehart, Dierksen and Swift ate up 85 yards during another grinding ground attack, with Lanehart taking it over.

Late in the third period, Kornegger going around right end, lateraled to Lanehart who outran the secondary for 30 yards and another marker. The final TD came when Cradle intercepted a pass and returned it to the *Repose* 15-yard line. Kornegger then faded back and rifled a 20 yard pass to Halliwell standing in the end zone.

The Guam game, first of the Group play-offs, was another that might have been lost had not Lady Fate smiled at the right time. Guam's Benestante grabbed a Lanehart punt and took it 70 yards for a score, only to have it called back to the 26-yard line where he had stepped out of bounds. From then on a savage Marine defense kept the First out of trouble. But Guam also had set up a rather rugged defense. The Marines were held for downs on the 5-yard line after Diets, Lanehart and Zukov alternated in carrying the ball on a 45 yard march. Later, in

the final minutes of the last quarter, the Guam defense stood up for four downs on the 19-yard line where Kornegger had deposited an intercepted Navy pass.

The First scored their two points when Navy's Nichols faded to pass, couldn't get it off and was smothered in the end zone for a safety.

In the final play-off against the Philippine team, Kornegger scored first on a quarterback sneak after a 53 yard drive. Minutes later a pass interception again gave them the ball. Diets picked up 19 yards on a reverse, then bulled it over on the next play. Kornegger then intercepted another Navy pass which he ran back to the 17. Lanehart crossed up the defense by passing to Zukov in the end zone. In the second quarter, the First rolled down to the 16-yard line, then Kornegger heaved an aerial to Halliwell in pay territory. Meanwhile the Marine forward wall, spearheaded by Co-Captain Pichon and Spencer, was piling up the Sailor's offense, although they relented enough to allow them six points in the third quarter.

The last quarter saw the Marines scoring twice more. Zine, a big mainstay in the First's forward wall, intercepted a pass on the 34. Compton then tossed a long pass to Halliwell, who had formed a habit of waiting in the

end zone. With minutes to go, two comparatively unknowns, Helminger and Minichelle, teamed up on an aerial toss for the final score.

Thus the season ended for the Far East League. It's too bad they couldn't have made it to Pearl Harbor for the semi-final All-Navy play-offs. We aren't saying it would have made any difference in the final results; but what's better than having two Marine elevens going into the semi-finals, unless it's having three teams?

It was refreshing to *Leatherneck's* sports department to read that Marines are upholding the Corps football reputation in the far flung spots of the world. The above reports "leaked" out of China via the First's Chaplain Elliott in his letter to a former Firster and old time Corps footballer, Colonel George McHenry on duty at HQMC.

It may be well to remember some of the names in the play accounts—they may be totin' the pigskin for your respective post or station next fall. Seems to me I remember a couple of kids named Hipps, also a huge lineman named Gigli, who played out in China or Japan during the fall of '47. I think Camp Lejeune and some of their opponents will admit that the Hipps brothers were better than average halfbacks and that Umberto Gigli stood up very well at his tackle post. **END**

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BOOKS REVIEWED

CORAL AND BRASS. By General Holland M. Smith, USMC (ret). Scribner's, New York. \$3.00

After all the rumors that have been circulating about "Coral and Brass," General Holland M. Smith's memoirs, it is almost a relief to discover that they are by no means as cantankerous as the advance-dope artists would have us believe.

The fact is—and I lead off with it because of widespread contrary impressions—that, while "Coral and Brass" can by no means be dismissed as all sweetness and light, Gen. Holland Smith has praised a good many more people (of all Services), and has dealt more generously (with all Services) than anyone (particularly *The Infantry Journal*) would ever believe.

"Coral and Brass" is a one-punch, one-package job. Since it is probable that Gen. Smith never intends to write another book, he has loaded this one with everything he had. The result is a packed work which starts off in the pre-World War I Philippines, but moves with obvious haste to World War II, which, you realize, is what he really wants to write about. His only detour, prior to the Pacific chapters (which compose more than half the book), is that in which he recounts for record the blow-by-blow history of the way in which, between the two wars, the Marine Corps singlehandedly and patiently pioneered the cause of amphibious warfare while the orthodox military world snickered behind its hand.

Those interested in the question as to who really developed the amphibious art, can certainly find much original information in "Coral and Brass." There are a good many other plain-spoken facts in the book—facts hitherto unknown about Iceland, Bataan-Corregidor, Saipan (as might be expected) and almost every other battle in the Pacific.

And what about "Smith versus Smith," or, to be more accurate, the Saipan controversy?

Of course, the general has his say, and that is only what he feels himself entitled to, not only as a retired officer but as one who obediently held his peace during four years of innuendo and no little sideline abuse. He himself points out, the whole thing was much more than a battle of Smiths, and it is noteworthy that, even now, he can find space to tip his hat in a gentlemanly way to the unfortunate other Smith. As for that controversial Twenty-seventh Division, he concludes—as he did at the time—that a matter of leadership was involved, and that the American men in the rank and file of the Twenty-seventh were very little different from most other voters and taxpayers. He does clear the air on the operational issues, however, largely by quoting his most telling material from the unwitting mouths of his opponents.

Getting right down to a box-score, I find that Gen. Smith pans one Army division, the Twenty-seventh, but that he reserves high praise for the Seventh, Seventy-seventh, and Second Infantry Divisions; moreover, he has no reticence in commenting unfavorably on the performance of two Marine divisions during various stages of their careers. He criticizes Army Generals Smith and Richardson; but he lavishes praise on Army Generals Pershing, Harbord, DeWitt, and Bruce. The admirals who come under his guns are Sims and (occasionally) Turner, but he hands orchids to Admirals King, Plunkett, Hewitt, Lockwood, and, often as not, to Turner.

"Coral and Brass" had two conspicuous faults. Second-guessing—such as the entirely unnecessary change of mind on the subject of Tarawa—is one defect, and occasional literary tediousness is the other. As history, the book would have won far higher standing if Gen. Smith had refrained from such an extreme opinion (which is so hard to support—on the whole record, and on his own record) as the flat statement, "Tarawa was a mistake." The element

of tediousness comes somewhat from the packed character of the book and from the first-person-singular viewpoint of the author; it stems also from what seems to have been less than outstanding literary assistance by Mr. Percy Finch, an English war-correspondent whose literary prowess fails by a good deal to equal the military prowess of General Holland Smith.

On the credit side, however, "Coral and Brass" shows rather remarkable flashes of insight, both into character (his sketches of Admiral King and the late General Geiger are fine examples) and into situations (look up his remarks on the decline of the British Marines).

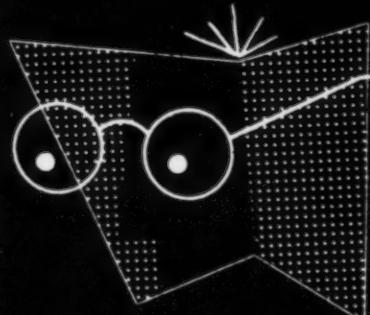
To sum up, I think "Coral and Brass" is a good book, even though it could have been a better one. It is on no account to be regarded as representing the official position of the Marine Corps on anything, any more than *The Infantry Journal's* views on the Saipan battle, *et al*, represent the views of the Army. "Coral and Brass" does give us the original, unfettered opinions of a phenomenally successful, ever-victorious Marine general who believed whole-heartedly in himself and even more so in his Corps. Many of the things which Gen. Smith says will get an argument, but many other things, particularly some of those about the Marine Corps, deserve to be on record and should be known by all Marines. Those who served in the Pacific will probably be impelled by sheer curiosity to want the book, and a good many others, I suspect, will also find it worth the modest \$3.00 price, if only because, (this reviewer feels) "Coral and Brass" contains a lot more truth than poetry.

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USMC

(The opinions or assertions in this review are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department, Marine Corps, or the naval service at large.)

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